

Spearhead

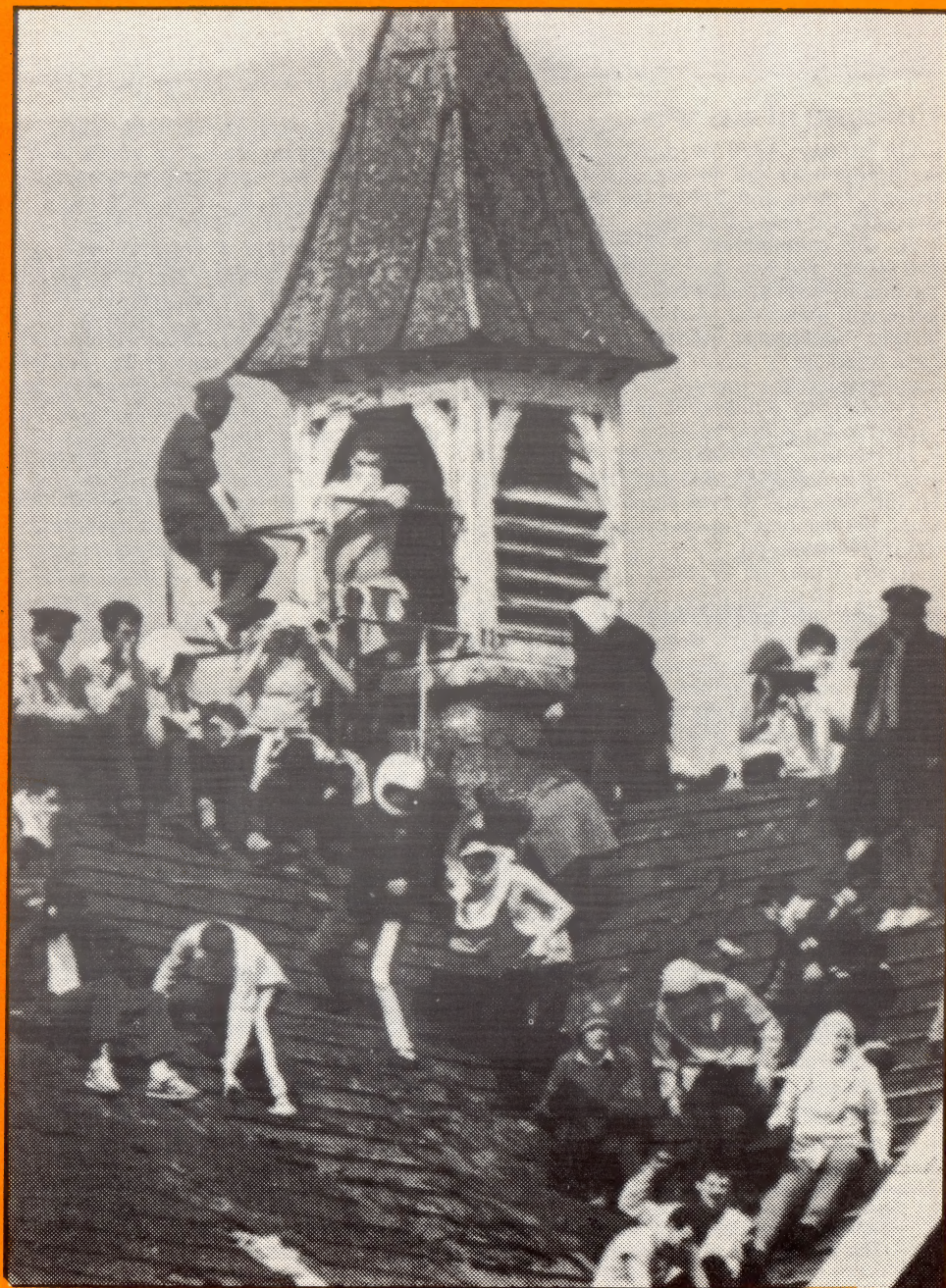
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No 255

MAY 1990

WHEN BRITAIN BECAME THE LAUGHING STOCK OF THE WORLD

**Comment on the
prison riots (Page 1)**



Nationalist comment **WHAT WE THINK** on the month's news

Collapse of the will

On Sunday, April 1st, a group of prisoners at Strangeways jail in Manchester began a mutiny, taking over one of the jail wings and converting it into a fortress.

As this commentary is being written, it is two weeks and five days since that time, and the mutiny has not been crushed. A part of the jail is still under the mutineers' control. Two people, one prison officer and one inmate, have died as a result of the rioting that accompanied the mutiny. Damage probably amounting to millions of pounds has been caused to the prison building.

Incredibly, the authorities, instead of sending in a riot squad to suppress the mutiny on the very first day of its occurrence, have spent the last nineteen days 'negotiating' with the troublemakers!

Apart from the expense involved in the wreckage of prison property, there has been the cost of maintaining this ridiculous pantomime for nearly three weeks, with vast numbers of state employees, including prison officers, police, firemen and sundry other officials tied down in the area while they might have been usefully engaged in other, more routine tasks.

Just what all this is going to cost the British taxpayers and the payers of the poll tax in the Manchester area is almost beyond imagination!

And all the while the whole world is watching — for the Strangeways mutiny has become international news. People all over

the globe stare at their television sets in disbelief as Britain becomes the laughing stock of mankind. Who are the people actually holding out in the occupied part of Strangeways? Are they armed professional terrorists? Do they possess the capacity to inflict great physical harm on anyone going in to remove them? Do they have some large explosive device in there which might go off if any precipitate action is taken? No, they are just a pathetic bunch of criminals, tiny in number and without any weapons beyond the crude implements with which they have been able to arm themselves by breaking up jail furniture and fittings. They are cold, badly fed and dispirited. An average unarmed rugby XV could easily pacify them and restore order in the jail. Yet they have been allowed to get away with it because authority — and by authority we must in this case mean the Government acting through the Home Office — is petrified to act.

Surely, the date on which the mutiny began is an appropriate one. The whole of Britain has become the April fool of the century.

And of course, not a bit surprisingly, other convicts in other prisons, hearing about how their Strangeways colleagues were getting away with it, staged their own mutinies in sympathy. Riots broke out in Dartmoor, Cardiff and Bristol jails. The latter was fairly soon suppressed, as a riot squad was sent in to storm the occupied part of the jail without further ado. But at Strangeways the mutiny was allowed to continue. It has now become daily entertainment for millions of TV viewers, as various prisoners come out onto the roof, now almost stripped bare of its tiles, each to cock his individual snook at authority — one by taking a cold shower under the water gushing up from firehoses, another by ostentatiously smoking a cigar, another by making regular speeches to the press. As all this has been happening, 'authority' down in the yard below stands paralysed, wondering what next to do.

The general state of official paralysis was best symbolised by the words of Home Office Minister David Mellor, when asked why firmer action was not being taken. He said: "If we had gone in and cracked heads, if there had been death and injuries, we would have faced even more criticism."

These are the words, not of a national political leader and representative of a government with the will to govern, but of a terrified jellyfish of a politician, looking first



WHERE ANARCHY REIGNED
A part of Strangeways Prison after the rioting. The full damage done to the various jails affected will run into millions.

this way and then that way to see which wind is blowing most strongly — in this case the wind of an angered public opinion, backed by some sections of the press, or the wind of the mightily influential 'liberal' consensus, which always has a ready tear to shed on behalf of society's criminal elements whenever authority is induced to crack down hard on them.

A proper government would not be fretting and agonising about what this or that section of opinion would be saying about things in such a situation; it would be taking the action that it, and it alone, thought appropriate and right.

But this Government has to date done **nothing** of any consequence to restore order. Officers were permitted to use force to retake a part of the jail occupied by the mutineers but a hard core of rioters has to this date been allowed to remain in control of one part of one of the wings, and to continue to cock their monkey at the prison authorities, the Home Office, the Government and the nation.

It is nothing short of pathetic.

Again and again during its eleven-year tenure of office, the Thatcher administration, fondly believed by many loyal Tories to be a strong 'law-and-order' government, has abdicated before violent and anarchic mobs. It did so in the race riots that convulsed many towns and cities in the earlier part of the 1980s. It has consistently done so in the face of the terror campaign by the IRA. It has done so yet again in the face of a tiny handful of rebellious jailbirds, the majority of whom comprise the absolute scum of society, consisting as they do of "murderers, rapists and cowardly thugs." (*Sun* report and commentary on April 9th).

One is left wondering what further disorder, mayhem and lawlessness will have to reign over Britain before this Government acquires the will to act as befits the elected ruling authority in the land, and as such discharges its responsibilities to the millions of law-abiding people in whose name it occupies the seat of power.

SPEARHEAD

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Editor: John Tyndall

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What is happening in Lithuania?

The tiny nation of Lithuania, by declaring its independence from the Soviet Union, would seem to be doing all that is required to win the wholehearted sympathy and backing from our supposedly 'democratic' and 'anti-communist' Government. In the meantime, the Soviets, by cutting off all oil and gas supplies to the Lithuanians in order to coerce them back into line, would seem to deserve this same British Government's loud condemnation. But neither of these things has happened. Mrs. Thatcher has refused to recognise the newly independent Lithuanian state, while her gestures of disapproval of the Soviet action have been conspicuous by their absence. Why?

Indeed, so noticeable has our Prime Minister's abandonment of Lithuania been that it has earned the denunciation of Lithuanian Premier Vytautas Landsburgis. Said Landsburgis last month: "The West is serving Mr. Gorbachev very well...I must say he has a particularly good lobby in Great Britain."

And much the same lukewarm reaction to Lithuania's bid for independence has come from US President George Bush. Again we must ask: Why?

Mrs. Thatcher, when pressed on the question as to why she has not more forthrightly condemned the intimidatory methods now being used by President Gorbachev against Lithuania, has said that she wishes to do nothing to weaken Gorbachev's position in the USSR. If he (Gorbachev) was toppled from power, the reasoning appears to go, Britain and the West would very likely have to deal with a Soviet leader of much less amenable type. We must therefore refrain from any diplomatic action or gesture that might upset Gorbachev's position — hence the unwillingness to provoke the Russians over Lithuania.

It is at this point that observers of the world scene have to bring to bear their understanding of the 'code' of contemporary politics, to be able, in other words, to read from the apparent meaning of the words used to explain things an entirely different meaning — a meaning that corresponds to reality but which our rulers and media masters do not wish us to perceive.

When Mrs. Thatcher says that it is British policy to keep Gorbachev in power in Soviet Russia she is in fact speaking the truth, but at the same time she is only revealing half of the truth. It is British, and American, policy to keep Gorbachev in power in Soviet Russia because Gorbachev it is who has the approval and backing of the world's real rulers, the international financial *elite* who today dangle national governments, prime ministers and presidents like marionettes on the end of strings, and who are calling almost all the shots in the present upheavals going on in Eastern Europe.

At the time that Gorbachev started to come to the fore, first as a Russian, then as an international leader, some of our correspondents wrote in to us to ask: what did we think of Mikhail Gorbachev?

At all times we replied that to make an assessment of what kind of a man Gorbachev was and what policies he actually stood for the thing to do was to observe the reactions and responses to him made by the liberal establishment press in this country, and of course by the mainstream political leaders whose purposes were the same as those served by the press. If Mr. Gorbachev basked in the sunlight of their approval, we could be fairly sure that his mission in life would be to further the

global aims of the internationalist power-*elite*. Since it was an earlier generation of that very same internationalist power-*elite* which created communism in the first place, we could be equally sure that, should Gorbachev win its blessing, or at the very least not attract its vilification, this would mean that the 'revolution' that Gorbachev seemed to be carrying out behind the Iron Curtain would not be a revolution to dismantle communism at all, but merely a series of cosmetic changes aimed at making the Soviet system more acceptable to western public opinion — for what purpose is an interesting question.

Some clue as to the answer to that question was, as in so many matters, provided by Ivor Benson, writing in the April 1990 issue of *Behind the News*, when he said:-

"...The truth of the matter is that there can be no genuine opposition of interest between the Kremlin and the White House over future developments in the Soviet Union, in East Europe or anywhere else for that matter.

"It is thus possible to predict with a reasonable degree of certainty, if only in broad outline, how the scene in the Soviet Union and East Europe will develop, a 'broad outline' of common purpose that is bound to be obscured from time to time by local eruptions of disorder which capture the biggest newspaper headlines.

"For what we are seeing is much more than the careful dismantling of Marxist-Leninist one-party dictatorships; we are seeing the beginning of an operation designed to bring the 'two worlds' into convergence — more precisely reconvergence, since the original divergence was more apparent than real."

In the case of Lithuania, what seems to have happened there is that a **genuine** nationalist revolution has broken out, and not one of those purely bogus 'nationalist' revolutions that the international power-*elite* is often in the habit of engineering itself to topple a government and system it does not like. While, for instance, in the context of South Africa the power-*elite* and its puppets of press and broadcasting shriek daily that the 'nationalist' aspirations of the non-white majority must be satisfied and 'democratic' government established, in the apparently similar (but in reality very different) scenario of Lithuania just such a nationalist revolution can be ruthlessly stamped out and 'liberal opinion' everywhere will acquiesce — perhaps here and there giving forth a few token tut-tuts of disapproval but not in any way mobilising the full force of world anger against the oppressor and in sympathy with the oppressed.

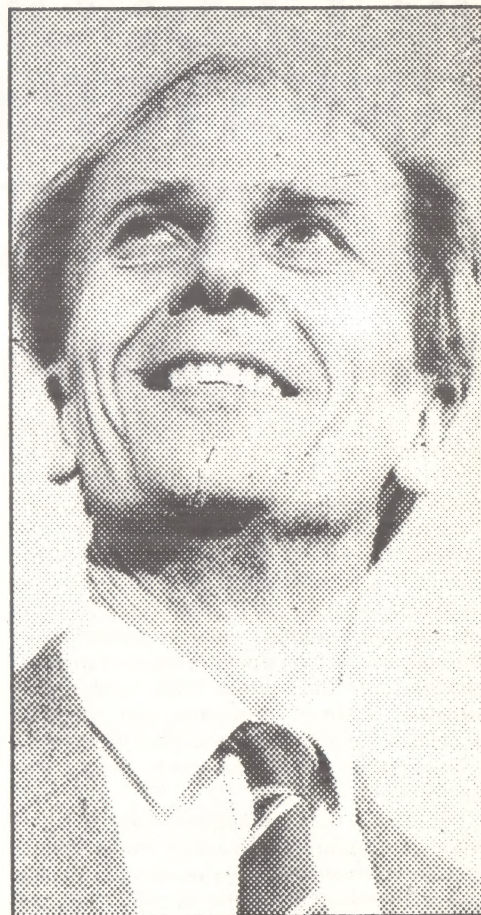
We believe that this is the probable reason why Mrs. Thatcher, always an obedient servant of the power-*elite* has refused to recognise Lithuanian independence. A free Lithuanian nation-state, it seems, would be an inconvenience to the world rulers of today. Why it might give other small, and not so small, nations the wrong idea. It could be dangerously infectious. It could upset the whole appellation of the new world order that is being planned for us!

This, we suggest, is why Maggie is lukewarm towards white Lithuanian nationalism while being a passionate champion of black African 'nationalism'. Get the difference?

It simply isn't cricket!

Mr. Norman Tebbit, by his opposition to the Government's Hong Kong Chinese bill and his subsequent comments about the problems of a multi-racial society, has become the leading figure in 'anti-racist' demonology among left-wingers and liberals everywhere — which is rather odd, because the title is wholly undeserved.

By speaking of the so-called 'cricket test' as



TEBBIT
Ducked the real issue on Hong Kong

a criterion of whether an immigrant is British or not. Mr. Tebbit was spouting a piece of rather ineffectual drivel. In his words, if a Pakistani roots for Pakistan in a test match against England, he is still a Pakistani; if he roots for England, he is one of us.

We cannot admire Mr. Tebbit for this rather pathetic attempt to sidetrack the central issue in the immigration debate, which is the **racial** issue: it always has been and it always will be.

It is the easiest thing in the world for an immigrant to come to this country and ostentatiously proclaim to everyone how much he loves it and how loyal he is to it — while inwardly feeling and acting upon an entirely different set of sentiments. Many have done so in the past, as we well know.

The influx of upwards of a quarter of a million Hong Kong Chinese should be opposed because the Chinese constitute an entirely separate, incompatible and unassimilable ethnic group, which cannot, and indeed should not, be integrated into the British population. The same is true of all other ethnic groups of non-European origin. If Mr. Tebbit had been honest enough to say this (and for all we know it is quite possible that he thinks it), he would probably have visited upon himself no more 'liberal' media hysteria than he already has, but at the same time he would have earned the respect of a great many British people for making such a stand, albeit somewhat late in his political career (Tebbit is nearly the same age as Enoch Powell when he made his 'rivers-of-blood' speech in 1968).

But Tebbit, in the manner typical of a Westminster politician, is quite incapable of calling a spade a spade and a racial alien a racial alien; he has to wrap the matter up in frilly packaging of liberal cant. It has kidded no-one, and it has just earned the Member for Chingford the contempt of all.

ACCESSORIES OF GREATER BRITAIN

GEORGE POMFRET offers a new colonial policy attuned to the coming century

GREATER BRITAIN. The term refers to the United Kingdom together with its overseas territories and traditional spheres of influence. To many people this will seem a grandiose appellation. But it is the purpose of this article to introduce, perhaps for the first time, those fashionably demeaned British possessions, and in the process to cast them in a new light.

However, this is not just a geographical survey; it is a geopolitical one. As such it is concerned with more than simply enumerating the nation's colonies and territories — although this will be done. What is of greater interest are the actual and, especially, **potential** political, economic and strategic assets that these lands have to offer the nation.

Two points should be made before the survey begins.

The first is that the **national interest** is the prime determining factor taken into consideration when weighing the value of any land. We have now entered a time in which all the nation's resources and energies must not only be mobilised but also radically redirected so as to ensure our survival as a unique and sovereign people. The past record of mindless magnanimity to the 'Third World', and especially the coloured Commonwealth, is a sorry one, from which we have in no way benefitted; and it is a policy which we can simply no longer afford to follow.

The second point concerns cartographical misconceptions. On a map of the globe many of the British overseas territories appear to be nothing more than mid-ocean dots, distinguished only by the small (UK) next to them. Yet the great strategic value of Ascension Island — dot on the map though it may be — was dramatically illustrated during the Falklands War. It should also be added that, as in the case of the heartland, each overseas territory will have its own exclusive economic zone (EEZ). The EEZs not only encompass the waters around these possessions but also what treasures might lie on, or under, the unexplored seabed beneath them. The rights and privileges of a nation within its own EEZ are really what it determines them to be (example Iceland). One of these mid-ocean specks, for instance, would have, using the current figure of 200 nautical miles as a radius, and EEZ of not less than 125,000 square miles!

As mentioned in the first article in this series, during the era of expansion the British pushed outward from the heartland to the west and south. Of the numerous lands colonised to the west, on the far side of the North Atlantic, a handful of dependencies remain.

BRITISH AMERICA

The UK has six colonies and one security commitment in the Caribbean area.

In the West Indies, four colonies (Anguilla,

the British Virgin Islands, Montserrat and the Turks and Caicos) are tiny island dependencies which have only small populations. In the way of natural or strategic assets they possess none.

But another small colony, the Cayman Islands, has several such assets. The Caymans are best known as a haven for international finance: some 200 banks and 8,000 companies use them for a tax-dodge and headquarters. Additionally, they possess extensive offshore oil transshipment facilities, where crude oil from VLCCs (very large crude carriers) is pumped aboard smaller tankers for shipment to the region's numerous refineries.

The sixth colony is Bermuda. The Bermudas lie in the Atlantic, 700 miles south east of New York and north of the West Indies. When the British colonised them in 1609 they were uninhabited. Nowadays, 55,000 people (of whom 70 per-cent are black) are crowded onto the 21 square miles of land. Like the Caymans, the Bermudas are a haven for international finance. But they also possess strategic assets: a large airfield and a good harbour.

The regional security commitment is to Belize. This nation is located on the Caribbean side of the Central American mainland. Formerly the colony of British Honduras, it was granted independence at its own request. In the past, neighbouring Guatemala has made incursions into its territory, and British forces are stationed there to deter this threat.

As for the regional balance sheet...

Of the six colonies, four should be granted a settlement and given their independence: Anguilla, the British Virgin Islands, Montserrat and the Turks and Caicos.

Any treaty to defend independent Belize should of course be immediately abrogated. Why? Because apart from the jungle training the garrison infantry battalion there receives, and the sense of *noblesse oblige* it gives some at home, the UK in no way benefits from this expensive commitment.

The Caymans are, as stated before, a hotbed for international finance. They are also isolated in the middle of the Caribbean. With the establishment of a nationalist government in Britain, it is doubtful that the Money Power would allow the islands to remain part of the realm. Palms would be greased, 'world opinion' would be manufactured, and the islands would probably declare their 'independence'.

An earlier article in *Spearhead* suggested that the beautiful Bermudas should serve as a British — rather than American — base complex. After such a transformation, they could function as the western pillar, or sentinel, guarding the maritime/air route to the far south.

THE MEDITERRANEAN

The western pillar's twin, Gibraltar, lies across the ocean, at the mouth of the Mediterranean.

Gibraltar fits the new colonial model well: it is of diminutive size (2½ miles square); and it is of great value ('Gib's' harbour and airfield were used as staging areas during the Falklands War). However, Gibraltar does lack the third characteristic which would make it the ideal 'new age colony' — inconspicuousness. A low sandy isthmus joins 'The Rock' with the Spanish mainland; and this has caused no end of agitation. Gibraltar's population of 30,000 is mostly of Southern European origin. In the 1967 referendum they voted 12,138 to 44 to retain their colonial status. Spain rejected the results of this poll; and the UN, through its anti-colonial hate committee, declared the poll to be 'irrelevant'. So much for self-determination!

Also in the Mediterranean are two British sovereign base areas: Akrotiri and Dhekelia, on the southern coast of Cyprus. This island is located north of the Suez Canal. During the militarily successful, but politically disastrous, Suez campaign of 1956, Akrotiri was used by the RAF to launch air strikes against Egypt. The RAF still keeps squadrons of high performance aircraft, such as Phantoms and Tornados, stationed there.

Situated at the western and eastern extremes of the Mediterranean, the colony and the sovereign base areas could be of great value to the nation. Gibraltar, complementing Bermuda to the west, could act as the eastern sentinel, guarding the European flank of the Atlantic sea lane of communication (SLOC) to the far south. The Cyprus bases could also act as sentinels, watching over the first half of the 'short cut', i.e. the route through the Mediterranean and Suez Canal to Australasia. But, as in the case of the Caymans, how long the isolated sovereign base areas would remain British after a nationalist government's assumption of power remains to be seen.

Once we are across the Equator, the SLOC to the far south passes by a chain of British island possessions.

THE BRITISH SOUTH ATLANTIC

The British South Atlantic consists of two island groups: St. Helena and its dependencies in the north; and the Falkland Islands and dependencies in the south.

The first group, upthrusts of the Central Atlantic ridge, run in a chain, halfway between South America and Africa, down towards the Antarctic. Although most of these islands now have small populations, at the

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time of their discovery they were uninhabited.

The northernmost of the group, Ascension, proved to be of inestimable value as a staging area during the Falklands War. However, its large airfield, Wideawake, has become an American installation.

St. Helena, of Napoleonic fame, comes next. This island is too mountainous to have a twentieth century airfield; port facilities are lacking also. But there is a good anchorage in St. James Bay, which might be developed; and whether the terrain will still be considered too rugged for an airfield in the next century is anyone's guess.

To the south of St. Helena lie the last islands in the group: the tiny Tristan da Cunha cluster.

Further south yet are the Falklands group. At the time of their discovery they too were uninhabited.

The Falkland Islands themselves lie 400 miles off Argentina's southern coast. In area, collectively, they cover 4,700 square miles and are the largest land mass in the South Atlantic. Their population of 1,800 is of British stock and 100 per-cent loyalist. The economic potential of these islands may be enormous: they appear to be in the middle of a vast, exploitable offshore oilfield. Currently, they are used as a logistical staging area for Antarctic exploration. Their airfields and anchorages could serve another purpose however: to help guard the route through the Drake Passage (the straight between Cape Horn, at the tip of South America, and Graham Land, in Antarctica), which opens into the South Pacific and leads to Australia and New Zealand.

South Georgia, where the triggering incident of the Falklands War occurred, is a large glacial island some hundreds of miles east of the Falklands. It has a small seasonal population of scientists, and now also a small military garrison. The island serves as a staging base for British Antarctic survey (BAS) teams. In years past, the whaling fleets which roamed the Southern Ocean sought shelter in its bays. In the future these waters could harbour fishing and 'krill fleets', which would harvest the region's abundant stocks of protein-rich krill.

The sub-Antarctic South Sandwich Islands lie south east of South Georgia. Usually uninhabited, they were occupied in 1976 by personnel from an Argentine base on Southern Thule, who remained in possession until they were removed by the Royal Navy in 1982 — an outstanding case of softly, softly!

The important role that Ascension plays as a geopolitical stepping stone to the Falklands, and thence Antarctica, was discussed in a previous article. St. Helena and the Tristan da Cunha cluster, while seemingly in the middle of nowhere, are in fact located between Ascension and South Georgia, and should not be allowed to fall into unfriendly hands. Like the South Sandwich Islands, they form parts of the natural geopolitical oceanic unity which is the British South Atlantic. Together, these islands could play a major role in an outward-looking unifying, inspirational national project: the exploration and development of the British Antarctic Territory.

ANTARCTICA

The main offshore islands in the British Antarctic Territory (BAT), the South Orkneys and South Shetlands, are thought by



WELL WORTH KEEPING

An aerial view of the Falkland Islands, with capital Port Stanley in the foreground. There are indications that the islands lie in the middle of a vast offshore oilfield.

some to be extensions of the Andean range. With South Georgia and the South Sandwich Islands, they form an island arc (called the Scotia Arc) which melds naturally into the mountain range which threads its way down the Antarctic Peninsula (Graham Land).

Graham Land is the heart of the BAT, but because of its polar climate its population is largely seasonal, and seldom consists of more than 300 scientists and support personnel. Even so, it has the mildest weather on the continent; and the wags call it the 'Banana Belt'. Graham Land is considered to be the continent's treasure-trove; it is known to contain deposits, in unknown quantities, of cobalt, copper, titanium, iron ore, nickel, zinc, platinum, uranium, tin, gold and silver. Additionally, it is thought to possess huge coalfields.

The BAT's other major geographical feature is the Weddell Ice Shelf. There are indications that a super-giant oilfield lies beneath this frozen expanse. The fact that, after surveying it, the multi-national oil companies are staying mum would seem to confirm this.

The total area of the BAT is 700,000 square miles: it is over seven times the size of the UK! But make no mistake, this is a harsh and unforgiving environment; and the technologies which will enable man to explore for and extract minerals and fossil fuels from it will take about another twenty years to develop. However, as global resources become scarcer, sometime early in the next century, these reserves will be tapped. The only questions really are: by whom and for whose benefit?

THE PACIFIC AND INDIAN OCEANS

On the far side of the Drake Passage, in the midst of the limitless South Pacific, is a near forgotten colony.

The tiny, historical Pitcairn Island group is situated midway between the Panama Canal and New Zealand. Only 60 people, the descendants of the HMS Bounty mutineers, reside here. The islands have neither harbour nor airfield. Natural resources are apparently

lacking also. Still, they might be of some value in the future; and they cost nothing to hold. Remember: the unexplored ocean floors; the ever-expanding EEZs; the unimaginable technology of the next century; and also the 19th century's most 'useless' piece of real estate — Alaska. Who knows?

The sole remaining Asian colony is located on the western shore of the Pacific Rim.

Hong Kong is a vulnerable peninsular enclave on the coast of China. Under the terms of the treaty signed in the last century, the land is to be returned to China in 1997. Neither it nor its people have any further role to play in the destiny of the UK.

The British Indian Ocean Territory (Chagos Archipelago) covers an impressive expanse of water: 21,000 square miles. At Washington's request, half of the colony's small population was recently forcibly resettled or repatriated. This was done to clear the way for the construction of a gigantic American base complex on the main atoll, Diego Garcia. Diego now has an excellent harbour and a first class airfield. But in the future it could play a different role. In conjunction with Australia's Cocos Islands, it could serve as a transportation and communications node for the White Commonwealth (WC).

SUMMARY

What is the extent of that area of Greater Britain still under colonial administration? As we have seen, it is a bi-hemispheric oceanic entity; and its lands are many and scattered, large and small, tropical and polar.

It is true that what remains of the Empire seems at first glance to be nothing more than a collection of scattered, insignificant dots. However, these island outposts may yet prove to be of the greatest utility in the future — if the right government, a courageous nationalist government, is guiding Britain's destiny.

That such a government should put the welfare of native Britons above all else goes without saying. But it must also have a spatial perspective that is of global (as opposed to regional European) dimensions. This is

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ACCESSORIES OF GREATER BRITAIN

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necessary if a truly nationalistic economic policy is to be pursued, a policy of autarchy, or economic self-sufficiency.

Is autarchy possible? If we achieve genuine co-operation with the other countries of the White Commonwealth, there is little doubt of it. But what about a strictly British autarchy — possibly necessary in the first phase of the strategy to win White Commonwealth co-operation and before that strategy is fully achieved? With all the unexplored and undeveloped lands and seas, who can really say? Certainly, we as a people could only gain if we made it a top priority to resolve this

question.

What have we got to lose? The blessings of 'world opinion'? (what will that Bushman in the Kalahari ever think of us?) The benefits of belonging to an internationally integrated free market economy? (Really, the only problem with having a nation's entire economy securely based on a solid foundation of paper and electronic impulses is that, in time of international crisis, paper and electronic impulses would be rather difficult to digest. Not that there could ever be another international crisis, of course...)

As an alternative to the present money manipulator's paradise, why don't we mobilise and channel our race's natural genius in a constructive direction. Let's begin by making honour, sacrifice and discipline fashionable again. And then let's explore, invent and develop. Finally, let's talk about creating a

new British Empire, founded, like the original one, upon a solid racial base, and assisted by superior technology. But this time the regiments need not follow rapacious merchants. For perhaps we can go out and make something from 'nothing': the sand beneath the sea; the rock beneath the ice. A new empire — oh, what a wail that would arouse! But to all those who would shriek invective, blubber self-pityingly, or try to weave soft, intricate, mephistophelian word-webs around us, we could just smile and say, unapologetically: "Yes, we are great again."

George Pomfret is the pen-name of a writer of British birth now living in the United States. He has submitted one further article on the same topic of geopolitics, which will be published next month.

A WOMAN'S VIEWPOINT ON EMBRYO RESEARCH

Nothing, says LINDA MILLER, must be allowed to hinder the breeding of a stronger, healthier population

THERE can be no doubt that the average quality of people in our society is going downhill. In both the mental and the physical respects, there has been great degeneration. There are several reasons for this. Our present leisure-oriented lifestyle, with its tendency to laziness and its addiction to mindless entertainment, such as TV, is one factor. Environmental pollution and bad diet go to make another. All of these things, however, are petty in importance beside the overriding factor, which is GENETIC DETERIORATION.

Genetic deterioration is caused by an increase in the disadvantageous genes in the gene pool. Nature seeks to improve all life forms by selecting in favour of advantageous genes and weeding out disadvantageous ones.

When a society devotes unduly great resources to protecting individuals with disadvantageous genes and allows, even encourages, them to reproduce when by the laws of nature they would have died, the result will be that, gradually, the quantities of these disadvantageous genes will increase in the gene pool.

This is happening in Britain today. The congenitally sick and disabled are unnaturally preserved, and drugged or patched up in the name of 'humanitarianism'. They are encouraged to reproduce and to be seen as of equal worth to every other individual. In fact, the healthy, intelligent individual is made to be ashamed of being thus, and is as good as told never to regard a healthy state as being ideal — because that is seen as an insult to the disabled (or 'physically different', as many prefer to call them).

Destruction is guaranteed for any society which follows this example. Progressively, the quality of the people will deteriorate, and this process will not stop unless and until there is a

complete reversal of policy and an abandonment of the suicidal tendency of downbreeding. On the other hand, any nation which would practise the opposite policy: that of genetic upbreeding, ensuring that its best members were reproduced in greater abundance than its least valuable ones, would eventually be capable of becoming the leading nation in the world, be it economically, militarily or culturally.

Make no mistake about it — this will certainly happen!

Surely it would be better that we attempt to strengthen our race rather than weaken it by letting it decline by genetic downbreeding.

MODERN CHRISTIAN ATTITUDES AGAINST GENETIC IMPROVEMENT

Whatever the original basis of Christianity — and that is a matter of much argument — many of today's Christians would prefer to see our genetic deterioration rather than our genetic improvement, would favour the weak over the strong, the meek over the brave, the ugly and stupid over the beautiful and intelligent.

Most Christians of today seem to be opposed to the research that is now being done on human embryos. This research is aimed at discovering how to eliminate genetic disorders and to ensure that people can have healthy children. A bill on whether or not to permit scientists to do embryo research is about to be debated in parliament. The outcome of this issue will have an immense impact on the future of our people. To ban this research would be a tragic setback, whereas to allow it would mean that we might yet be saved from a terrifying process of genetic deterioration.

Of course, a simple change of policy on the part of our Government could very easily

rectify the problem of the most valuable elements in society being outbred by the least valuable; but genetic research could eventually eliminate the possibility of any person being unnecessarily afflicted by a disability which would only cause sadness to victim and family. There is nothing logically objectionable in this, yet there are a lot of very illogical arguments put forward in opposition. To clarify this point, I am putting the arguments for and against embryo research, in the form that the issue is currently being debated. To start with, there will be postulated the reasons given in favour of this research, after a few initial points have been made. These are that the embryos in question are created in a test-tube. At no stage would the embryos have been inside a woman. They consist of an egg and sperm in fusion and at such an early stage that the embryo is no larger than a grain of sand. The debate concerns the matter of whether to continue and advance the present experimentation on these embryos — which has been mainly used in the IVF (in vitro-fertilisation) to help infertile couples — or whether to ban it altogether.

THE ARGUMENTS IN FAVOUR

- (1) Embryo research can allow infertile couples to have children.
- (2) It can allow research into genetic disorders, so that in future, out of several embryos from a couple, a healthy one can be chosen for implantation in the womb.
- (3) It will enable us to discover how to eliminate disadvantageous genes from an embryo.
- (4) It will result in more congenitally healthy people being born and fewer congenitally

Contd. on next page

unhealthy or disabled people being born.

(5) It can give peace of mind to many parents by allowing them to know their child will be well.

(6) It could lead to an end to much human suffering caused to people being born disabled or having disabled children.

(7) The embryos used are only at the stage of initial fertilisation. No older embryos need be used.

(8) The embryo is at the same stage of development as that which the 'coil' contraceptive device is designed to abort.

(9) If embryo research is banned, we must logically ban both the coil and abortion at any stage.

(10) We will save much money and resources by not having to take care of the congenitally sick and disabled.

(11) The results of the research can be used to improve the health of the whole population, whilst working in tune with nature's law of the

elimination of the weak, thus speeding up positive evolution.

(12) The majority of the general public are in favour, and nearly all scientists are in favour.

(13) People should have the right to choose to have healthy babies.

(14) Many disabled people wish they had never been born.

THE ARGUMENTS AGAINST

(1) Though the pro-research lobby say that research will only be at the initial stage of embryo development, what if they start using the embryos at a later stage?

(2) We shouldn't tamper with evolution.

(3) The research is 'unethical', 'inhuman', etc. (these slogans not usually backed up by any evidence as to why).

(4) It is wrong to stop disabled people being born.

(5) It makes disabled people feel unwanted, misfits and prejudged.

(6) It is reminiscent of Nazi Germany.

(7) Christians say it is 'unnatural'.

(8) God wanted us to have this baby, whether disabled or not.

(9) It kills life by stopping certain embryos developing into the person into which, potentially, they could develop.

(10) All human life is sacred.

(11) People should have the right to take the risk of having an abnormal child.

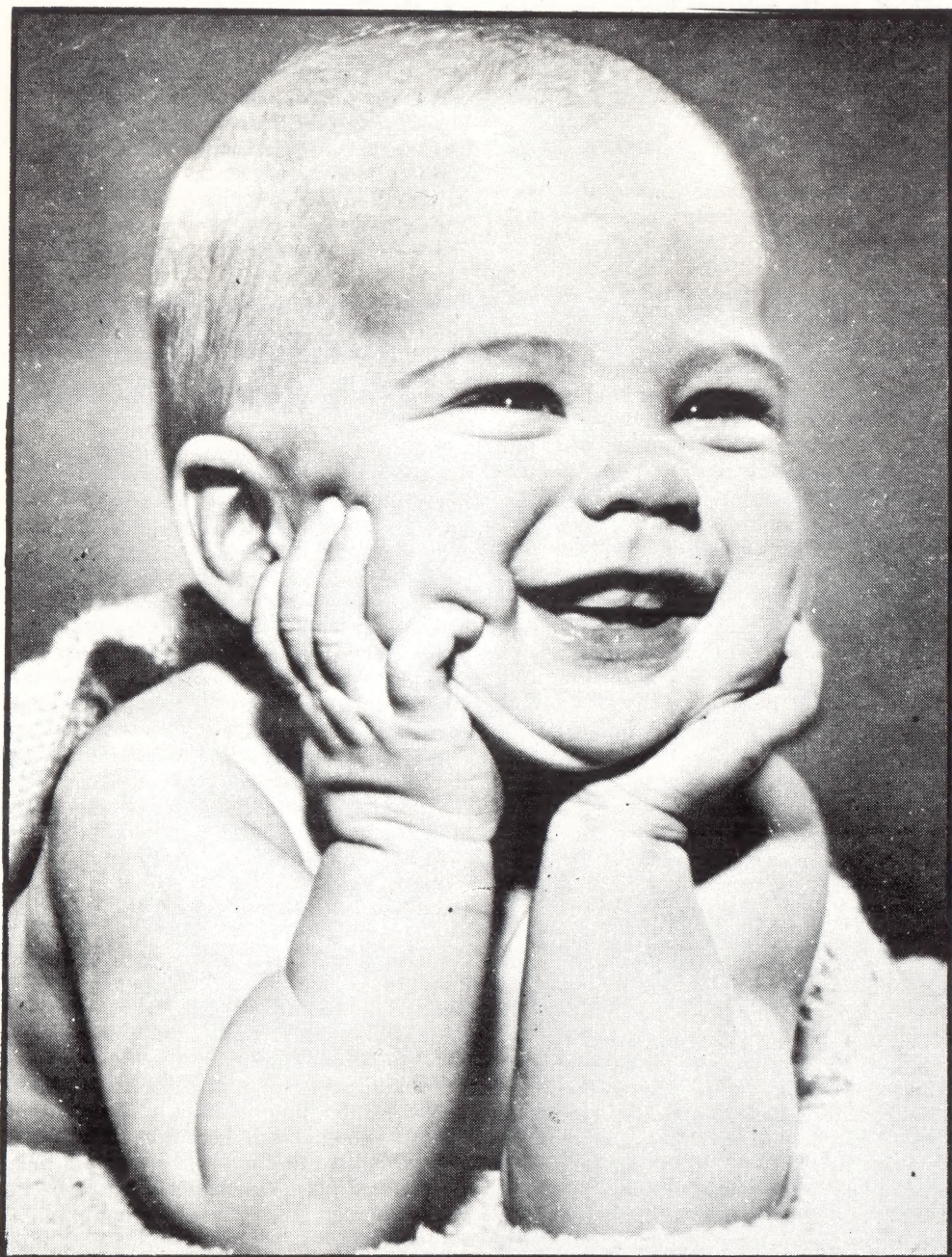
LOGIC VERSUS IGNORANCE, SUPERSTITION AND STUPIDITY

The first set of arguments listed above are scientific and based on logic; the second are based on ignorance, superstition and stupidity. Mostly there are the best of intentions on both sides, but some of the most ridiculous arguments in opposition to the research come from people whose intentions are very questionable. In particular, there is one campaigner on this side who could justifiably be described as a fat, ugly, miserable feminist who gives the impression of lesbian tendencies and obviously has a gigantic chip on her shoulder against normal and healthy people. She argues that the disabled should have the 'right' of being born(!) and that, should it happen that people were no longer born with these 'physical differences', the existing disabled people would feel they were unwanted or inferior. She says that this would be 'inhuman' and 'unethical'.

Many, if not most, disabled people would strongly disagree with this view. These people say that they would rather they had not been born at all and that it would have been better if someone healthy had taken their place. One mother of a disabled child, who died of his condition at the age of 11 (after a lifetime of pain and misery) said that her son felt that he wished he had never been born and that he wouldn't want to inflict such a life upon any other person. What would indeed be 'inhuman' and 'unethical' would be to miss the opportunity to return to nature's ways and to put a stop to such unnecessary suffering.

Genetics is a vast subject, and can very easily be misunderstood. In this article it has been necessary to simplify the issue. For example, some genes which may be regarded as being disadvantageous in fact have a unique advantage attached to them. The gene for diabetes, for instance, causes chronic sickness, but it has a bonus in that it is linked to a rate of sugar metabolism seven times slower than the norm. This puts the diabetic at a fantastic advantage in times of famine. The gene has evolved this characteristic. Also, take the gene for red hair. This is known to be conducive to skin cancers, yet it has the advantage that in climates with low light levels it allows vitamin D synthesis, thus preventing rickets. It could be a bad mistake to eliminate a gene before its value had been accurately assessed. Nature demands variety. If any creature was exactly the same as its fellow species members and no mutations ever arose, then should environmental conditions change it could result in the entire species being wiped out.

There are, however, some conditions, such as deformed limbs, which have no hidden values. Mankind must take care never to tamper with genes that are not fully under-



HEALTHY WHITE CHILD

Embryo research could enable us to produce his type in super-abundance

Contd. on page 14

THE MIND OF THE LEFTIST

THOMAS JACKSON looks at the personal morality behind some of the 'philosophers' who have lectured to mankind

IN Intellectuals (Harper & Row, 1989) Paul Johnson has actually given us two books, both excellent. One is a collection of warts-and-all biographies of the men he thinks have shaped modern thought. The other is a general portrait — and a very unflattering one — of the mind of the leftist intellectual. Though the bios themselves are filled with fascinating and sometimes prurient details, the general portrait is of special interest to those who see the ruin towards which the US is speeding.

Johnson first defines an intellectual as someone who thinks the world can be transformed simply through the power of ideas. Such a person is likely to see custom, tradition and natural hierarchy as bothersome and even contemptible obstacles. Marx clearly fits this definition. So do Rousseau, Ibsen, Brecht and Sartre. All trumpeted a new social order of some kind, each one calamitous. These men wanted to tear society apart so that it could be rebuilt for the benefit of all.

However, Johnson shows that all this concern for society, based on a professed love of humanity, is pure humbug. Unlike their credulous following, who believe what they are told and who devote their lives to leftist chimeras, intellectuals refuse to dirty their hands with the actual work of reform or to give up the privileges of the society they claim to hate.

TAX-DODGERS

Sartre, Edmund Wilson, Lillian Hellman and Dashiell Hammett, for example, evaded income taxes, even though they demanded ever higher taxes for others. Karl Marx never paid a penny in taxes and, for all his presumed concern for the proletariat, probably never set foot in a mine or factory. While Brecht was living in East Germany, producing massacre plays on a lavish state budget, he insisted his royalties be paid in Western currency and he banked his money in Switzerland. Whenever he needed to see a doctor, he slipped across the border to West Germany. Victor Gollancz, whose publishing empire was little more than a front for the British Communist Party, kept ten servants at his London home and no fewer than three gardeners at his country estate.

And what of this love for mankind that motivates the leftist intellectual? It somehow never extends to mere people. Rousseau packed every one of his five children off to an orphanage. Marx, one of whose favourite phrases was: "I will annihilate you," couldn't find a single instance of a wageless proletarian, but he paid his servant nothing. He even had an illegitimate child by her, but was so ashamed of the whelp that he persuaded Frederick Engels to say he (Engels) was the father. Ibsen and Tolstoy also had bastards whom they pushed out of their lives. Brecht reduced his wife to a kind of den mother for his stream of actresses/mistresses. When informed of the innocence of the victims of

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Stalin's show trials, he replied: "The more innocent they are, the more they deserve to be shot."

Almost without exception, Johnson's intellectuals were aggressively selfish. Rousseau and Marx were compulsive moochers. Percy Bysshe Shelley burned creditors wherever he went, and left town whenever things got hot. Brecht, even when he was famous and wealthy, let his relatives die in miserable poverty. Only Sartre seems to have had a generous streak, habitually giving away money and picking up other people's bills.

APPALLING TREATMENT OF WOMEN

The enormous self-absorption of the intellectuals seems to have been a product of their huge egos. They were so convinced of their importance that they believed they were exempt from the normal rules of civility. Nowhere was this clearer than in their treatment of women. Since they stood for the overthrow of all tradition, they were not to be hemmed in by something so middle-class as marital fidelity. Bertrand Russell, Shelley and Sartre all insisted on 'open marriages' and complete truthfulness, but, in every case, this degenerated into lies and furtive couplings. Brecht made no pretence of reciprocal freedom. He worked the casting couch like a

Stakhanovite but tolerated no dallying for his wife or even for his mistresses. The intellectuals preached sexual equality, but treated women like chattels.

Simone de Beauvoir was the victim of the cruellest charade. She had a mind that was certainly the equal of Sartre's, and her book *The Second Sex* was the bible of feminism. Yet she too became little more than a bordello-keeper for Sartre, whose sex toys got younger as he got older. Subordinating her mind almost completely to his, she dutifully mouthed his high-flown babble long after he lost touch with political reality.

LIARS

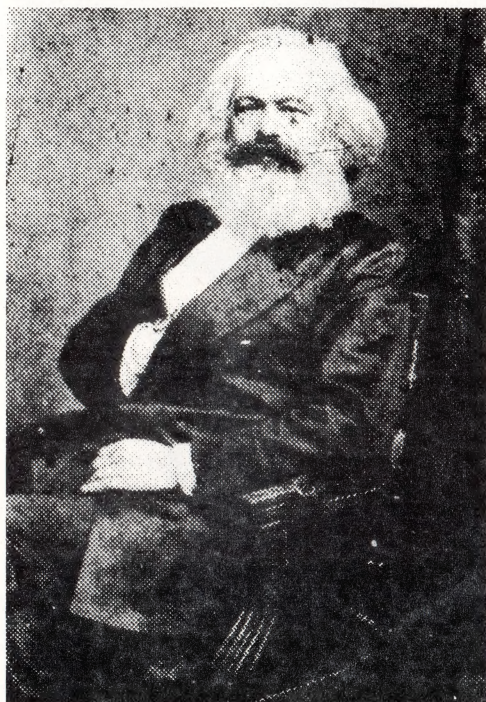
But the greatest sin of the intellectuals, in Johnson's eyes, is the way they manhandle the truth. Their autobiographies are riddled with lies. Nothing Rousseau or Lillian Hellman say can be trusted. After James Baldwin grew up and decided that all Blacks were justified in hating all Whites, he discovered that he had had a miserable childhood and that every White who had seemed to help him had really been torturing him. Marx deliberately misquoted sources and falsified the information he used in *Das Kapital*. Sartre later admitted that he told rosy lies about the Soviet Union to further the leftist cause. Russell switched from hating the Soviets to loving them, then lied about having switched.

For Johnson, this combination of mendacity, hypocrisy and personal meanness disqualifies intellectuals as guides for human progress. He warns against the colossal egoism of intellectuals and their temptation to break people on the cold rocks of theory. He argues, no doubt correctly, that "a dozen people picked at random on the street are at least as likely to offer sensible views on moral and political matters as a cross-section of the intelligentsia." The pity, of course, is that the eggheads have so flooded the brains of Americans with their poison that even the common man is beginning to waver.

The great question Johnson does not ask is how the amalgamators, levellers and one-worlders managed to shove their way into the intellectual mainstream. It's not as though the right has no intellectuals of its own. One wonders what Johnson would have made of the lives of Edmund Burke, Herbert Spencer, F.A. Hayek, Ayn Rand and James Burnham. But the innocuous right has been elbowed aside, while the racist and nationalist right has been all but criminalised.

Since the universities have long been in the hands of the left, education about social matters is largely fantasy. The ancient truths that have governed men's lives for millennia are flushed out of the minds of nearly every American who gets a college degree.

Paul Johnson has struck a solid blow in what will be a very long struggle to re-establish clear thinking in the West. He has shown us hypocrisy and lies. Perhaps, some day, he will show us truth.



MARX

Railed about the rights of the workers but paid his servant nothing

OF THIS OUR LAND

by MARK RAINESFORD ('Sniper')

PROLOGUE

Out of the distant haze of time a far-off helm-flash gleams.
The unquiet spirits of the past are questioning our dreams.
Why have we sold the land they made to strange and alien breeds?
Why do we strive no more to keep their legacy from weeds?
From their eternal starry realm they smell the plaguey rot.
They know their trust has been betrayed, that what was well is not.
They call us to the bar of time to answer for the fall:
Where were we when the foe sneaked past? Why slept the sentries
all?

Excuses have we few, and poor; we let vile traitors reign;
Left all unbarred the temple door for aliens to profane.
Now disaffection stalks the land, and treason fouls the air;
With patriots constrained by law, to speak their minds — who dare?
To this our land has come at last, its honour sullied quite;
Its ancient rights and liberties destroyed — without a fight!
When such disgrace wrecks such a race, and not a shot is heard,
The time has come to question why, to speak an honest word.
Let us compare what once we were with what we have become;
Determine how the rot set in, what struck our people dumb.
What makes a nation lose its nerve, succumb to foreign ways?
Yield all its treasures to the foe, and darken all its days?

No common blight can wreak such woe; it takes a virus sly
To infiltrate a nation's soul, and drain its vitals dry.
Our fathers never would have brooked such immigrant affront;
They never yielded what was theirs, nor let their blades grow blunt.
But we, it seems, are tamer stuff: we let our metal rust;
And now we find the gate is forced, the locks all fouled or bust.
So turn and face the stern-eyed court of those who went before;
The charge is dereliction gross — a shrug will serve no more!
We are called to answer for the yellow years just past,
The trendy years of treason when Britain wilted fast,
Let in the rainbow legions, betrayed its own loyal kin,
Abandoned Empire, vision, pride; became a rubbish bin!
Now here we stand before the band of those who gave us birth.
No easy task to 'scape their wrath and justify our worth.
How can we hope to counter their bitter, cold reproach?
We must essay a loftier stance, a wider aspect broach.
For every ruin has its roots in what has gone before;
Not all the fault and censure belongs at our front door.
Let's trace the pattern of the past, find where it went awry,
Define the evil, name the plague — then physic swift apply!

PART 1: THE MAKING OF A PEOPLE

I

When first this ancient land emerged from primal glimmers dim,
Its form and nature still were pure, unmarred by commerce grim;
Its woods and fens and uplands stretched wide from shore to shore,
The wild boar roamed its valleys, the wolf still prowled the moor.
And midst this virgin savagery, brute man first struggled forth
To mate and slay, to gorge or starve, from south to bitter north.
Through glacier cold to swampy heat he cut his rough-tooled way,
Slow mastering the lesser brutes, soon sinking roots in clay.
From group to tribe to race he grew, hard learning how to live;
To light a fire and build a wall, not just to take but give!
And since he sought a certainty, wherein life's bounds to set,
A priestly brood arose to make the darkness darker yet.
Monstrous stones from far and near they dragged and levered high,
To praise their gods and bless their crops, explain the endless Why?
The priests have gone, the stones remain, grim keepers of the past,
To tell of savage rituals 'neath the blazing moons aghast.
Into this murk a brand was hurled — Great Caesar's legions came!
With ordered steel they gained the edge, gave rise to London's fame;
Imposed their laws, their gods and ways, but never conquered all;
To keep the snarling woadsmen out they had to build a wall!

But under Rome's capacious shield young Britain grew and thrived;
They ploughed the land and plied the seas, a sort of union contrived;
Mined its metals, split its woods and laid its ancient paths,
Then home at eve, to sing their sagas round their woodfired hearths.
The Roman dwelt in villa'd ease, cushioned by his minions,
But just beyond his saving light the dark kept its dominions;
Waiting for its chance to strike, to reimpose the past,
Now finds, as Rome begins to fail, its hour come round at last!
For Rome is rotted from within (as other powers have been!);
The Caesars' sun is sinking low — behold a lowering scene.
The eagles leave, the vultures come, the seawolves from the sea;
Hot for blood and rape and loot — the spawn of anarchy!
Yet even they became encharmed of England's bounteous mead;
Ere long they too had settled in, blending breed with breed.
Angle, Saxon, Viking, Jute, surging from afar —
This vital fusion of fresh bloods made us what we are.
But one more dash remained to lace the salty potent brew;
The Norman crossed the ditch to stay — the last to make us rue!
So Europe's best of north and south melded to one strain;
When will the world bring forth a race so rich and pure again?

II

No land can claim a culture till its genius finds a tongue.
The Saxons left us fragments — the first steps on the rung.
But England's voice was muffled until Chaucer made it sing;
We still can catch the echo of that sweet archaic spring.
Then Spencer's elegant discourse, made for monarch's ears,
Led on to greater glories, to Marlowe and his peers;
With Shakespeare overtopping all, in epic majesty;
The heavenpeak of all our art, with his martial minstrelsy;
Poet of a people, master of all tasks;
Still hid from all our prying, beneath his thousand masks.
From such as these a nation learns to recognise itself,
Perceive its rightful destiny, realise its wealth.
For this compound of virtues good men are glad to die,
To serve their country's causes, nor too much question why;
To hold its aims benignant, believe its yoke humane,
And so pursue its purpose across the trackless main.
For now young England's reaching out, to span vast regions wild;
To spread its word and plant its seed 'midst those by error guiled.
From northern snows to southern sands and steamy jungle stews,
With flag and bible, sword and trade, an Empire is enthused!
Forth to meet its challenge go the best of Britain's young,
Proud to bear its banners — long may their praise be sung!
They bridged the seas with steam and steel, made the waters toil;
Struck gold from rock, made wheels to turn, tapped the depths for
oil.

With armies small and token (no tyrant power was this),
A structure firm and valid was raised from the abyss.
So small a land had never ruled so vast a realm before,
Kept its peace, fed its folk, taught it health and law.
So when its vile detractors spew their spleen, and blast,
Bid them count the gravestones of those who served, and passed.
No finer breed ruled Greece or Rome than carried Britain's fame;
From shore to shore, and pole to pole, they truly "played the game."
How came it then the tower they built was thrown so quickly down?
The work of centuries despoiled, besmeared its great renown?
Seek the rat that gnaws within, the wolf that bays without!
The former undermines the walls; the latter spurs the rout.
The annals of their infamy have yet to be inscribed;
Some pen of Pope's or Johnson's steel, with wrathful fire imbibed,
Must trace the abject traitors' tale, etch its colours vile,
Define the downfall of a race; for this — steep deep in bile!

Contd. overleaf

PART 2: THE BREAKING OF A PEOPLE**I**

Once we ruled an Empire great, with confidence and verve;
 Now behold a sorry sight — a race that lost its nerve!
 Who would have thought an edifice so worthy to endure
 So quick would yield to traitors' blight, its every tie abjure?
 Dipped are the flags that proudly flew, the pride that raised them
high;

The jungle claims its own again, and millions quietly die.
 Plague and terror stalk the lands where peace and health did rule;
 'Liberation's' hands are bloody, its victors tyrants cruel.
 From India's half-million dead — Partition's poisoned fruits —
 To Biafra's murdered masses, Zimbabwe's reigning brutes,
 The rout has left a ruin that nothing can excuse.
 You cannot wreck an empire, then 'scape the cry: "J'Accuse!"
 Why was it done? To please our foes, from Wall Street to Red
Square;
 And craven men — Lib, Lab and Con — connived in the affair.
 'Twas easier to cut and run than stand by those we ruled,
 So off we scuttled, tail 'twixt legs, whilst Britain's enemies drooled.
 When empires fall — look to the top! That's where the rot strikes
first.

The vision fails, the best depart, in creep the wasting worst.
 Soon the virus downward spreads, infects the body whole,
 Till not an organ's left intact — destroys the very soul!
 Things once deemed too dear for sale now are auctioned off;
 Duty, pride and honour — don't those words just make you scoff?
 This is devil's doing, the work of renegades;
 The trendy trash of treason, who drag us to the shades.
 For years they've fouled the airwaves, monopolised debate;
 Have shown they'll stop at nothing to wreck the land they hate.
 Instead of their being challenged, a free run they've enjoyed,
 Till what was white became rank black, and headed for the void.
 And so a mighty force for good was trampled in the mire,
 With those thus 'liberated' now writhing in the fire.
 The worst have had their bloody way — now count the corpses
high —

And Britain stands discredited, too shamed to meet the eye.
 But now we have the 'Commonwealth' (some wag conceived the
name);
 A dim parade of mewling ghosts, the wraiths of former fame.
 They claim they're independent, but still demand our cash;
 Like some old rogue remittance man, hooked on booze and hash.
 Well, let it go, and amen; there's no more we can do.
 Poor Gordon, Rhodes and Raffles can only watch and rue.
 Let black men bury black men; their fate is now their own;
 But what an end to Empire! Look down, ye gods, and groan.

II

So we come to our own dear land; how fares it since the fall?
 Why look — we're multi-racial! — and having such a ball.
 A brand new breed of 'Briton' is darkening our doors,
 Bringing spices of the East, the whiff of Carib shores.
 We had no wall to keep them out, nor will to guard our own,
 And soon the stream became a flood — but still we dursn't moan!
 Indeed we're bid to welcome them, to take them to our hearts,
 As well as teaching all our young their music and their arts.
 It's true they're nothing like us (though the opposite we pretend);
 Trust the twain will somehow meet, all come right in the end.
 Only CREeps believe it — they're paid to do the job.
 But listen close, you'll hear the cauldron bubbling on the hob!
 Though every tainted orifice vents its multi-racial pap,
 Every Briton knows full well it's just a lying trap.
 Black is white and white is black, the traitor trendies bleat,
 But those who know the real world see truth out on the street.
 Now all our major cities have their ghettos grim and raw,
 Where Britons seldom venture ('specially if they're the law!)
 Our streets are foreign countries, the Queen's peace just a joke;
 Yet still our Judas leaders insult us with their hoke.

For this is multiracia, the land we all must love;
 And anyone who doesn't is sat on from above!
 Britons now are second class in this their ancient home,
 With government, law and media a traitors' honeycomb.
 All this we've been brought to — without a by-your-leave!
 It's what they call democracy — that licence to deceive.
 For those who sneaked this Trojan horse into our citadel,
 A special place has been reserved: it's hot — we call it Hell!
 But now we come to showdown time; just what can still be done?
 We start from where we are — and cleaning house is number one!
 Mend the fences, bar the doors, no more must enter in.
 Liberty Hall has been abused by those not of our kin.
 Like Ulysses returning, we have to cleanse our hall,
 Expel the gross usurpers who lord it over all;
 Those traitors and deceivers who our fair land have gored,
 Till master in our home once more — a Ulysses restored!
 Then start the task of building a new and better breed;
 Reviving primal virtues, from trendy scorn soon freed.
 The past can fire the future, the old power aid the new;
 We may yet dodge the censure of that ghostly frowning crew!

PART 3: THE REMAKING

A cause must have an army before it can prevail,
 Of men who know their purpose, and do not mean to fail.
 Linked with those in other lands who share their pride of race,
 Resolved to vindicate their own, expunge the past disgrace!
 Too often in our century White has slaughtered White;
 Some wilful imp of anarchy turned Europe's day to night.
 Two nations, but one people, combined could save the world;
 Instead, by clumsy set-at-odds, to mutual ruin hurled!
 Laying waste each other's youth on futile battlefields,
 Whilst fat and grinning Usury its sly persuasions wields.
 How different were our world today had sanity survived;
 The best and not the worst would rule, the common good had
thrived.

But now a mess of races, in conflict fierce and deep,
 Beset each other's lands and faiths, a savage harvest reap.
 No good has come from mixing alien, hostile strains;
 The worst is not uplifted, the best but warps and stains.
 Our culture's now a caper for crass and stunted oafs;
 Moronic noise and mindless daubs, a riot of foul growths;
 A literature that soils the page, a drama red and rotten;
 Only quacks and queers could sire a nag so misbegotten!
 For when a nation falters, its rats and toads emerge;
 The damp stones yield their creatures, the sewers flood the verge.
 Each orifice discharges its mead of trendy slime;
 Perversion's hailed as normal — normality's a crime!
 Fire alone can purge this filth, cauterise the cyst;
 The cleansing flame of righteous wrath must be the catalyst.
 When rottenness becomes the norm, the time for peace is past;
 No use to trust the ballot-box to stop the rot at last.
 For 'universal suffrage' — that five-year sham campaign —
 But means one set of Guelphs departs — to see another reign!
 This shabby 'democratic' fraud is tyranny's guise,
 A mask to spoof the dozy mass, and keep it lulled with lies.
 Only fools will walk that way, to end in No Man's Land,
 When all the things they voted for are bartered, shelved or banned.
 The old deceptions will do no more; they've tricked us all too long.
 We need a cleaner, stronger hand, a different sort of song.
 And now the army's forming — in city streets and halls,
 In country pubs and country clubs they hear the ringing calls;
 Wherever men remember the land they used to know,
 Then see how its betrayers have sold it to the foe.
 Behold the stormhead growing! — swelling in its power;
 A people's long-pent fury is coming to its hour.
 Its patience now is ending, after years of slight;
 For Britons but one choice remains — to take the field and **fight!**
 To repossess our country, restore its ancient pride —
 This is a task for true hearts, who will not be denied.
 Alfred's heirs and Shakespeare's sons are not gone under earth;
 Of worthy, tough successors our foes will find no dearth!
 The odds are all against us: the enemy holds the heights,

Contd. on next page

Secure (he thinks) behind his screen of media parasites.
 Entrenched with law and privilege, feeling safe from harm;
 But can the rumble 'neath his feet still cause him no alarm?
 Somewhere within his knavish soul he hears the distant drums,
 Knows the natives are astir, that retribution comes.
 But all that cant and fraud can do, and legal threat apply,
 He'll still employ to stay the day when Birnam Wood draws nigh.
 In vain! His dirty day is done; the yellow years are over.
 The 'white backlash' is building up, from John O'Groats to Dover.
 The rainbow rabble of the left, plus Tory toads notorious,
 To history's rubbish bin we'll send — unhappy and inglorious!
 Love of country, pride of race — these are things to treasure.
 For these brave men will give their all, in full and selfless measure.
 They are what has made us the people that we are;
 We will not see them laid aside to please those from afar.
 Each man in his own castle, each race in its own land —
 This best preserves the common good, ensures each race shall stand,
 Untainted by infection from strange and alien breeds,
 Unplagued by needless conflicts 'twixt ancient warring creeds.
 The race that would its soul retain must hold its own, or die;
 Must set itself to counter each trendy liberal lie.
 By many crooked channels does treason infiltrate.
 Poisoning each ripplet, till it rises in full spate.
 It floods the rooted bastions that seemed so sure and sound,
 Nor checks its inundations till every rampart's drowned.
 To stem the flow is warrior's work, to turn the tide a hero's;
 Then steel us for the coming strife — dispatch our fiddling Neros!
 Advance to meet the rising dawn, battle-gear'd and ready;
 'Tis time the main assault went in, ruthless, calm and steady.
 The plunging fire must be endured until we close to quarters;
 Then swift the blade and fierce the stroke — nor cease till hindrance
 falters!

EPILOGUE

Again that helm-flash from the past; the Old Ones seek reply.
 They cannot rest till reassured their homeland will not die.
 And what shall we now say to them, these ghosts of yesteryear,

To ease their biding disquiet, to calm and give them cheer?
 Deeds alone can comfort them, restore their pride and ours.
 Not till our mutual enemies are thrown down from the towers
 Will they have rest or we know peace — the issues brook no truce.
 Till then the battle horns must blow, the flames of strife run loose.
 For compromise is suicide with foes such as we face;
 Their goal: not just our nation but the ruin of our race!
 Stuffed with alien concepts, laced with modish bile,
 There's naught they will not stoop to, no trick for them too vile.
 Equipped with all the gimmicks that high-tech can supply,
 Their clamour chokes the airwaves, their falsehoods fill the sky.
 But even lies have limits; the gorge will rise at length.
 When honour speaks, men listen, and bow before its strength.
 For all their brute monopoly of screen and microphone,
 The perjured hacks, the gilded scum, of Treason stand alone.
 Not theirs to keep, the nation's soul — they cannot touch that shrine;
 Such things are sacred to the race that made its splendours shine.
 The ancient glory lingers still, though barred from public view;
 Nestled deep in patriot hearts, where yet the flame burns true.
 It soon will rise to scorch the foe and drive him from his place,
 And render Britain fit once more for beauty, pride and grace.
 We are no common people, nor made for common ends;
 What we've been we'll be again, once turned from errant trends.
 With yeoman blood now rising, the native will refired,
 We yet shall have a nation as those lords desired.
 So rest you, unquiet spirits, your message understood.
 The dreams you strove to fashion remain a force for good.
 Our people did but sleep awhile, neglectful of their trust;
 But now the blades are flashing, keen and purged of rust!
 The days of sullen silence whilst Treason spoke its name
 Are done, as lionhearts rampant roar it to its shame.
 A race's fierce resurgence is sparking to flashpoint;
 To us there falls the honour its renaissance to anoint.
 Spirits of the past, all hail as we now take the field,
 Your standard streaming overhead, your faith our gleaming shield!
 The torch you lit is fired anew, a beacon to the sane;
 Your sword is steady in our hand — and shall not sleep again!

White minorities in London (3)

ENTENTE CORDIALE — OR NOT?

DICK CARDMORE takes a look at the French

ENGLAND AND FRANCE have had a love-hate relationship for centuries — their joint history is a complex mosaic of war, treaty, war, peace and so on, ad infinitum. And this love-hate history has led to love-hate attitudes towards each other as people. Britons are notorious for their anti-'Frog' feelings — "Why can't they drive on the right side of the road?", "excitable Latins", "demmed foreigners", etcetera. And Frenchmen throw up their hands in despair at Britons for alleged aloofness, mercilessness, lack of 'couthure' and all the rest of it. These feelings don't go tremendously deep, though — intra-racial feelings rarely do, and that is just as well for all us Europeans.

France and Britain have 'swapped' immigrants for many years — Normans to England, Britons to Paris and the Cote d'Azur, Huguenots to Whitechapel and Anglos to Brittany. The French influence on Britain has probably been more significant than the British influence on France, I feel —

most of (what remains of) the genuine aristocracy in this country has Norman antecedents. Many French names, expressions and words have become established in Britain — among expressions, remember 'au fait', 'tete-a-tete', 'vis-a-vis', 'appropos', to name just four. As for names, how about Lawrence, Michelle, Bernadette, Anne-Marie, St. John, etc.? For a few place names in and around London, just think of Theydon Bois, Thorpe-le-Soken and Ongar, and perhaps you can see what I mean. France and Britain have a tangled communality of heritage, history, interest and fate. Where one goes, the other will soon follow.

Most French people in London do not really constitute a white minority *per se* — most, especially those here past their first generation, are so assimilated as to have become part of the British Nation. But there has been a definite, if difficult to quantify, French influence — English stolidity and 'phlegm' having all too often been replaced by a certain

Gallic excitability and flair. These influences have been both a good and a bad thing — at best, it has meant plodding 'Anglo' intellects have been sharpened, actions accelerated, tastes refined and blood quickened. At worst, it has led to a certain self-righteousness/smugness and even hysteria — usually at times when Britain needed common sense most. There has also been a strong Huguenot influence, all of this, however, being beneficial — the work ethic, the civic pride, the proved, self-contained honesty. (As with the Anglo-Irish, of whom I spoke in my article *The Wild Geese*, who are very different to most Irishers, so are the Huguenots totally different to most French people). I am totally biased, of course: my mother is of French Huguenot origin!

Some French people certainly do constitute a minority, and always will (just as fanatic Irish supporters of the IRA will always be members of a minority) — some certainly make

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ENTENTE CORDIALE — OR NOT?

(Contd. from prev. page)

common cause with the far-left, homosexuals, coloured immigrants and so on (these Frenchies often, though not invariably, being those of a darker pigmentation). But mostly the French are an asset — perhaps more importantly, whether Anglos like it or not, they are here to stay, so we will have to make the most of it (*where have we heard that before?* Ed.)

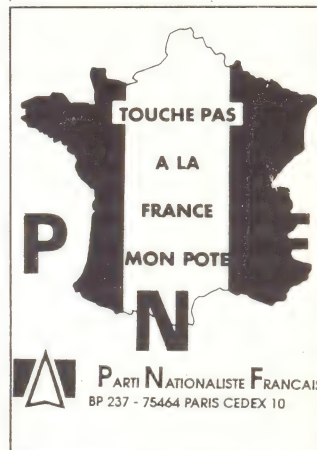
There is an interesting point which we must consider — the French are becoming more 'right-wing'. Even the Mitterand Government is now promulgating a 'voluntary repatriation' programme. And these attitudes will eventually filter through with Francophone

immigrants to Britain. The phenomenal rise of the *Front National* across the water, and the ramifications thereof, will definitely have some effect over here eventually. "Where the one goes..." Remember? Weak, over-tolerant Britons may be able to learn some valuable lessons from these darker, shorter, louder cousins of ours — lessons in pride, manliness and strength.

As with all non-Saxons in London, there are several factors militating against assimilation with the British — the main ones being language, religion, temperament and the above-mentioned historical suspicion. But the fecund Third Worlders are fast colonising Paris and Marseilles, as they are London and Southampton, and all of these differences will continue to fade away in the face of this sanguinary threat which, more and more, unites all us Westerners.

RACIAL NATIONALISM

This is a sticker produced by a French patriotic group. These French attitudes will have a snowballing effect, says the writer.



THE MUSIC OF REVOLUTION: ANOTHER VIEW

RICHARD MOLESWORTH replies to last month's article

I HAVE READ with interest the article 'The Music of Revolution', and would like to offer some comments of my own. They reflect what is purely a personal opinion, for what it is worth, and I hope that the writer of the article, James Thurgood, will not take umbrage at what I say.

It is my opinion, and one with which I would assume you would agree, that our movement should aim to serve as a principal stimulant in the promotion of **British creative culture** (emphasis on creative) in as many categories as possible. When it comes to pictorial art I would not expect the scope of this promotion to be restricted to battle scenes or scenes of violent revolutionary upheaval, but to encompass an extensive range, including seascapes and landscapes of the British countryside, in either case possibly manifesting moods of tranquility as well as of vigour. The corresponding should apply to the literary art.

So, if the movement seeks to stimulate British creative talents in the field of music it should cater for as wide scope in this field as in others. Admittedly, you are now asking for contributions for one specific order, to fulfil one specific function, **but why limit it to that?** I maintain that we should welcome and encourage all that which represents a **worthwhile contribution** to British creative culture. Certainly we should not be content merely to regurgitate past works of excellence.

By turning away compositions that are of **good musical quality**, simply because they do not manifest the specific mood you have in mind in this one application, you will create a net effect of serving as a negative influence in the promotion of British creative culture.

ASKING TOO MUCH

It seems to me that you are aiming for something approaching genius, or at least a level of **specialised** excellence that is in extremely short supply. If your appeal were

addressed to the membership of a professional musicians' association of nationwide dimensions you might have some chance of getting what you require (ignoring for a moment the requirements for lyrics). But since you are addressing the membership of a political organisation, and moreover one of somewhat modest proportions at the present time, I fear that the chances of anything emerging which would receive your approval are very remote.

Additionally, because of the scarcity of those who would be capable of giving you satisfaction, the project could not be seen, to any worthwhile degree, as a channel for promoting **British culture**.

You comment with regard to certain Beethoven pieces: "Tap them out on single notes on the piano and they sound like nothing very remarkable. Hear them played by a great orchestra and they comprise some of the most magnificent music ever written." Quite so! That is the point I want to make now.

I have personally heard *The Red Flag*, which you have praised for its revolutionary qualities, rendered as a love-song melody, and it sounded eminently suitable for that role. Thus a person presented with this bare melody for the first time could quite predictably perceive it only in its potential as a love song, and therefore conclude that it had absolutely no potential as a revolutionary song. But in that case you would have had to admit that he had failed to recognise the potential that was sought, despite it being present. This is the kind of trap that prospective submitters of songs would be entitled to hope the judges of his work would not fall into.

To do justice to a work of talent, presented as a one-finger piano piece, the judges themselves need to be of a calibre to do justice to the **potential** of the presented work. It is no use having judges who are only capable of making a fair judgement of submitted work

which is presented as a fully orchestrated and professionally performed work. If they are thus, they can easily pass by works of excellence, and in so doing discourage talent of considerable promise.

Such judges need to be **talent-spotters**, and preferably also talent-stimulators, and to be imbued with a fair degree of qualified 'imagination' (to use Mr. Thurgood's own word) whereby they can recognise the sought-after potential (where it exists) of a bare melody. I submit that it is only fair that intending contributors be informed in advance, perhaps through the columns of *Spearhead*, as to whether or not they can expect this much from their judges. Indeed, the right judges must be sought with as high a priority as the right composers. Having found the right melody it is then necessary to find the right arranger, or orchestrator, if the composer of the melody is not suitably qualified to do that himself. That, however, leads into a further important area of the discussion which I will have to by-pass for now.

CONTRADICTION

To add to the difficulties, I submit that in at one respect you are asking for something that is contradictory, as confirmed by an effective but unspoken admission on Mr. Thurgood's part. He says that what our **tunes** must do is **scare the opposition**, although they must be **pleasing to us**. Yet Mr. Thurgood in his opening paragraph states his opinion that, in effect, **the enemy has all the good tunes**. But I suspect that the same thing would apply in reverse. If a tune is especially pleasing to the majority of us it will surely be no less pleasing to a fair proportion of those who happen to be of an opposite political persuasion — **not that this is a bad thing**, in my opinion. As a party seeking in due course to win mass support, we

Contd. on next page

will have to recruit, eventually, a great many who are at present among our **enemies**. So it must be assumed that, until they are won over, they would be scared by the sort of tunes you are looking for. Are we to assume that when these people's views change to conform to our own they will suddenly become attracted by a tune that had previously scared them?

I suggest that this is hardly likely, and that there therefore is no such thing as a tune that will conform to your specifications in this regard, so your requirements set an impossible task for the composer.

The same quite obviously does not apply to the **words** of a song, which might well have the capacity to scare people of certain categories while pleasing those of a different category. However, it might be impossible to avoid a significant overlap, where the wording would scare away some of those whose support we want. This would stand a fair chance of occurring as a result of lyrics of 'threatening' 'menacing' or 'arrogant' nature, which would not be everyone's cup of tea. A necessary objective in effecting political change is that today's enemies shall become tomorrow's supporters, but those you have set out to scare today are not likely to be in any hurry to come to your support tomorrow.

Furthermore, the kind of wording used will naturally be taken to reflect our **political**

intentions. If a party, at a stage when it is very small by comparison to its enemies of the establishment (as we now are) starts making threats as to the vengeance it intends to reap once it gains power, it is obvious that **no methods, however unscrupulous or hypocritical**, will be left untried in pursuit of ensuring that such a party will never gain power. "Democratic rights for them? I should say not!" will be the cry. After all, how would you react if the positions were reversed?

I might conclude by asking: how many British people do you think would be attracted to the support of a party that unblushingly describes itself as 'menacing', 'threatening' and 'arrogant'? I would imagine — **not many**.

JAMES THURGOOD REPLIES: Mr. Molesworth seems in the first part of his article to show confusion as to the purpose of what I wrote last month. It goes without saying that our movement should encourage the promotion of British creative culture generally, and that this should include all kinds of music, literature, art and so on. However, my views were centred purely on what I believe to be the requirements of **marching songs** for the movement. A marching song that projects a mood of tranquility is about as useful as music written for a funeral being played in accompaniment to a stage comedy. *Horses for courses!*

I think that Mr. Molesworth has also

*misunderstood what I meant when I referred to our enemies. I had in mind the hard core of committed enemy political activists and propagandists who are, and always will be, utterly **irreconcilable**; I did not mean the ordinary mass of people among the general public who do not support us today but who we hope will support us in the future.*

When in a certain section of my article I referred to 'tunes', I should in fact have better used the word 'songs', for I had in mind the lyrics at least as much as the melody. If Mr. Molesworth misinterpreted my intentions here, it was not his fault but mine.

I think Mr. Molesworth has taken the words 'menace' and 'threatening' at their most extreme interpretation. I did not intend to suggest, either that the lyrics of our songs should convey a mood of cruelty and blood-thirstiness, or that the music be appropriate to a horror movie. Obviously there is a limit beyond which we should not go. What I do not recommend is that we choose tunes appropriate to a Gilbert & Sullivan operetta or words pleasing to the inhabitants of a Victorian vicarage.

As far as judges are concerned, ultimately the followers of our movement as a whole, rather than any small panel of self-appointed 'experts', will be the judges of what is a good song and what is not. The views put forward in my article were not intended to be a 'judgement', only one person's opinion.

THE DAY WE MET ROEDER

JOHN PEACOCK reports on a visit to West Germany's leading political dissident and martyr

WAS IT the Trumpet of Justice, which sounds every hour from the Town Hall of the university town of Marburg-an-der-Lahn, which awakened me? Or was it perhaps the enormous significance of the events of the past 36 hours? Whichever the case, here I am shortly after six o'clock on a gorgeous Sunday morning sitting quite alone in the dining room of the small pension quietly reflecting on the long journey down and my first meeting with the courageous Manfred Roeder.

No sooner were we informed that Herr Roeder was to be released after serving nearly 10 years in prison for crimes he never committed than it was agreed we would organise a trip to Germany to welcome him home and to take advantage of the opportunity to meet him. I said to Richard Edmonds: "That's it then, I'm definitely going down to the Roeders for the Spring Equinox celebration."

On Friday evening we had all gathered in London for the start of our journey. At first sight, the observer might have thought we were an unlikely party, coming as we do from many different walks of life. Some were in philosophical mood and spoke of love for the white race and the need for all Europeans to understand the dangers of multi-racialism. The conversation centred, in no small measure, upon the present turbulence in Eastern Europe, where nationalism is now making gigantic strides forward. All this made the time pass quickly before we arrived in Dover for the ferry crossing to Ostend.



GOOD TO BE HOME!
Manfred Roeder (on left) celebrates his freedom with a drink with John Peacock

We rested awhile in Cologne. It was refreshing to stroll along the banks of the Rhine. We had climbed the steps leading up to the Cathedral and stood in awe before this splendid Gothic building whose twin towers

soared up into the clear blue sky. Some members of our group climbed the 502 steps up the spiral staircase to look out from the southerly tower. It was extremely pleasant to

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THE DAY WE MET ROEDER

(Contd. from prev. page)

sip coffee outside the stylish cafe in good company, to enjoy the warmth of the sun and watch as people promenaded along clean, traffic-free streets.

As we sped on our way the conversation was dominated by observations made during our brief visit to Cologne. Ninety per-cent of the city area had been destroyed during the Second World War, and like so many other cities reduced to rubble by British and American bombers, it had to be almost completely rebuilt. Two of us had discovered an area of the city which had once been known as the 'Rhenish Jerusalem' — at least until around 1425, when the Jews were expelled (isn't it odd how many places they get expelled from?). We had also stumbled across the ruins of Alte St. Alban, which is today dedicated to the victims of the world wars. The question was asked: was the fact that the Cathedral escaped the bombing raids an act of God or a decision of policy?

COSMOPOLITAN

No-one had been too surprised by the cosmopolitan make-up of the city's population. Certainly we were saddened by the apparent acceptance on the part of the German people of so many foreigners living in their country. This of course is not unlike the situation back in Britain, with which we are all so familiar. We had also noticed the New Orleans-type jazz clubs, the many foreign restaurants, the disgusting homosexual clubs — all the iniquitous dens of decadence that have always accompanied 'liberal' societies ever since Nero fiddled amid burning Rome.

The sun had long set, and the dim light caused time and distance to become almost distorted, as our progress was slowed. Eventually we arrived at the Knull, the Roeder home and our long journey's end. As we walked up the steps and into the light, it was an excited Traudel Roeder who spotted us first and came over to greet us. We were then introduced to the man himself, and for me it

was a very special moment. To shake the hand of Manfred Roeder, whose devotion to the white race is an inspiration to us all, was indeed an honour and a privilege. I believe we were all overwhelmed by the open expression of joy at our arrival and the warmth which was radiated towards us.

We took our seats amongst the other friends and Richard Edmonds introduced each of us in turn. He then addressed the gathering in German, explaining the purpose of our visit. The formalities out of the way, we were encouraged to participate in the remaining programme of music, poetry and song. When they sang they did so from the heart, and one's thoughts turned to echoes of a past world which has been allowed to slip away, a world of clear-cut rules and proper racial and community structures which we must at all costs restore.

THE TYRANNY OF 'DEMOCRACY'

When Heri Roeder suggested that we retire to a quiet corner to have a serious political discussion, we agreed without hesitation. Along with Richard Edmonds and John Morse, we sat down to talk about Herr Roeder's experience in prison and his determination to continue getting things done for the good of the cause. We talked about those things so glaringly wrong in Britain, with its corrupt system of 'liberal democracy', which denies basic rights and freedoms to the British people. Parallels were drawn with the treacherous stranglehold of the same political racket in West Germany.

Herr Roeder told us that he should have been released on February 5th, but the Prison Director released him some three days earlier. The media made a big deal about the fact that someone called Nelson Mandela had been set free just a few hours earlier. Mandela was given his passport immediately, so that he may parade himself before the world in support of Black Power. Roeder, by contrast, was told that he must seek permission from West Germany's Minister of the Interior for a passport, even though the authorities had placed no restrictions on his movements. "Well, he is black, I am not. That is the difference," said Roeder.

We talked briefly about Roeder's membership of the Hitler Youth movement, the east-west European political scene, the injustice of the 'war crimes' legislation now being put through our own British parliament, based as it is on sheer hatred and thirst for revenge. Even as we sat there into the very late hours, one was particularly aware of the fact that here was a man who had just spent nearly ten years in prison and subjected to the most extreme mental hardships, yet here he was projecting himself in so positive a way that he didn't look as if he had spent 10 minutes away! He looked very fit indeed and was fully alert, and there was no possible room for doubt about his total dedication to his beliefs.

Establishing good links with our racial counterparts everywhere in the white world is essential to our future, when our very survival is going to depend on our ability to stand shoulder to shoulder in defence of our respective sections of the white race. I believe that our visit to the Roeders served to strengthen those links, and it is my sincere hope that Herr Roeder will very soon take advantage of the invitation by John Morse on behalf of British Nationalists to visit our country.

TIME FOR FAREWELL

Too soon, the time came to break off our talk and rejoin our other friends for a farewell sing-song. There had been some reluctance on our part to leave, but soon we were on our way to Marburg and to bed. As I went to sleep it occurred to me that every member of our group would go back home in a very different frame of mind, for there was a sense of camaraderie and a warmth where we had been which no-one would want to lose.

At the Knull, where proudly the flag symbolising freedom, justice and honour was hoist aloft for all to see, there had been a shared desire to see an end to the injustice inherent in 'democracy'. 'Democracy' doesn't work for the majority when so many people are denied basic freedoms, suffer so many indignities and are dominated by alien values imposed upon them by governments wholly lacking in honour. And here am I, sitting here wondering: was it really the Trumpet of Justice which awakened me from my sleep?

A WOMAN'S VIEWPOINT ON EMBRYONIC RESEARCH

(Contd. from page 7)

stood. There are potential dangers in genetic engineering, and until our knowledge has far advanced the best policy is to allow nature the freedom to select the best and allow the weak to die off. Also, there should be social encouragement for the healthiest and most intelligent members of our race to reproduce in greater abundance than their opposite extremes. This policy would have very different results to the present policy, which is leading to genetic deterioration. What is practised now is wholly negative, and there is no reason to continue this way. Instead there should be positive eugenics through taxation and by education and propaganda. We must hope that in the future we will be able to back this up with enlightened genetic engineering to improve the quality of our racial stock.

THOUGHT FOR THE MONTH

Today, in the hands of those who call themselves modern liberals, the grand humanistic design of eighteenth and nineteenth century liberalism has been narrowed down to a mechanical catechism of 'other caring'.

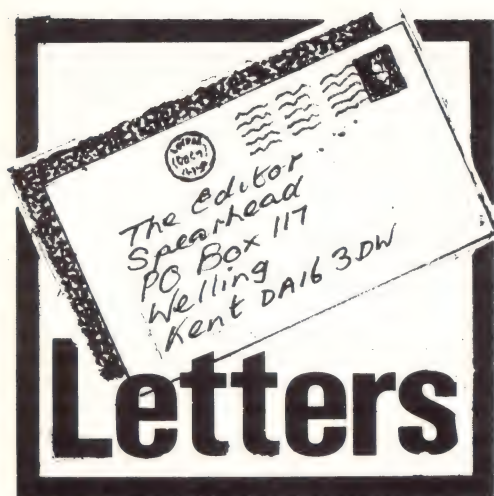
Contemporary liberal artists care more about what others think of their work than what they themselves think. Liberal statesmen and politicians do not act; they react. The liberal guardians of national security put defence above offence, and even in a nuclear age base their strategy on retaliation, not attack.

On the rare occasions their thoughts turn to God, liberal intellectuals prefer to blame Him for the evil in man rather than praise Him for the good. Again and again, the focus shifts from the heart of the matter to the periphery.

Although the liberal's excessive extroversion leaves him little opportunity to solve his own problems, he nevertheless feels obliged to tell the rest of the population how to solve theirs.

Public figures whose private lives have been a shambles, and who have proved utterly incapable of raising their own children, presume to write copious newspaper columns and magazine articles on family life, marital problems and child upbringing. The mother with a delinquent daughter, instead of improving conditions in her own home, becomes a social worker and attempts to help other families with delinquent daughters.

WILMOT ROBERTSON, *The Dispossessed Majority*



SIR: Since the release of the 'Guildford Four', the increased media coverage regarding the Maguire family and the 'Birmingham Six' cases has been highlighted by republican, socialist and anarchist groups in Ireland and Britain. The outcries about British 'injustice' and 'cover-ups' have been linked to these cases. Yet never once has any of these groups called for the release of the Armagh Four.

The Armagh Four consist of ex-members of the Ulster Defence Regiment (UDR) who were convicted of the murder of a Catholic, Adrian Carroll, in Armagh in 1983. Some facts have emerged to discredit the court judgement that these men were guilty of the murder as judged.

They are slowly gaining support amongst some journalists, including Robert Kee and *Sun* columnist Garry Bushell.

But certain groups and individuals have ignored this case because the men were UDR members and not republicans. Nevertheless, the convictions of the Armagh Four amounted to a serious miscarriage of justice, and I would ask *Spearhead* to highlight the case.

ROBERT QUINN
Belfast

SIR: I read with interest Nigel Jackson's article (part 1) entitled 'The White Commonwealth: an Australian Viewpoint'. However, there is one point over which I certainly disagree with the writer, and that appeared under the sub-heading 'music'.

Nigel Jackson refers to the music of Benjamin Bitten and Michael Head. Now I don't claim to be an expert on music, but I do claim to be a music lover. I have a broad taste, liking both classical music and some forms of popular music.

I rather like to delve into the historical background to a musical composition, be it lengthy, such as a symphony, or short, such as a work based on folk tunes.

However, I would never cite the music of Benjamin Britten as being an example of what was or is best in British music. I find little to admire in Britten as a person, especially as he fled these shores during the late thirties and early forties and spent the war years in the U.S.A., only returning when it was all over. He didn't enlist because he was a pacifist (not because he objected to our fighting the Germans!)

His personal life is also open to question, as he lived for many years with the singer Peter Pears.

I have always found Britten's music to be

somewhat unmelodic and discordant — certainly not evocative of any British musical tradition. This is in stark contrast to the music of Ralph Vaughan-Williams.

Should anyone wish to be emotionally stirred by British music we have the works of Sir Edward Elgar to evoke past glories. However, if one wishes to seek music that has much of its basis and influence in British folk tunes, then listen to the works of Vaughan-Williams.

I could talk at length about RV-W and his music! Time and space are limited, but it worth mentioning that when the First World War started in 1914 Ralph Vaughan-Williams was 42 years old and might have avoided war service. Did he flee abroad when needed? No, he did not! He had already started on a career as a composer and had had two symphonies published by the time the war started. But, like thousands of others, RV-W enlisted — in the ranks — as a stretcher-bearer, and it was whilst he was caught up in the hell of trench warfare that he wrote the first sketches for his Third Symphony, the 'Pastoral'.

One can only imagine what life in the trenches was like, but if one listens to this symphony one can understand how a soldier far from home has thoughts of a peaceful, tranquil countryside.

Listen to the music of Ralph Vaughan-Williams and you'll hear British music at its best!

On another point, I have just read your article in the April issue entitled 'For God's sake, Britain, stand up straight!' The article made damned good reading, and it made me laugh to boot!

V. GREEN
Bedford

SIR: Ament your article in the March issue entitled 'The Twentieth Century: an Historical Aberration'.

I am more pessimistic than you, and for a different reason. You will not see a return to the art and music and other triumphs of the 19th century. It is vain to expect such.

There is another theory of history — unpublished — and this is based on the soil and the decline thereof. There was a reason for the conflict between the Hunter and the Farmer that is not understood now. The decline of food quality is inevitably followed by a decline in the quality of the people.

Toynbee noted a cycle of 400 years, or less, in the life of cultures. He missed the reason for the time-span: the time it takes to 'farm out' the soil. Study the history of Syria.

Britain, and to a lesser extent Europe, had the benefit of food from virgin soil during the nineteenth century — first from the Mid West of America, then from Canada and Australia.

Today there are no large tracts of new soil anywhere in the world. Population has tripled since I was a boy, and nearly all land that can be farmed is in use now. Modern farming practice depletes the soil faster than the old. None farm as well as the Chinese, and even they have insoluble problems with their soil.

I believe that I can restore soil to virgin soil conditions in three years! Next year I hope to try to do so with a small tract. I expect problems from many sources.

The decline in morals and art has not ended — the food continues getting worse.

The White Man's problem is that he was the first to use the stale processed foods and to pour tons of chemical fertilisers on his farmland. The first job now is for the White man to improve his food quality. If he does not, he is lost — as witness the fate of other cultures.

HAROLD N. SIMPSON
Chicago, U.S.A.

SIR: To those of us who wonder why Maggie's Government is so keenly concerned about the rights of Hong Kong citizens in the face of the coming Chinese take-over, some clue was provided by a recent TV documentary which revealed the big stake certain Jewish businesses have in the colony. When I saw this it all fitted into place!

G.R. RANSOM
Huntingdon

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All cheques and postal or money orders should be made out to *Spearhead* and sent to: PO Box 117, Welling, Kent DA16 3DW. Please do not include a payment for *Spearhead* as part of a remittance including payment for other items.



THE ELEVENTH HOUR (John Tyndall) £15 hard-back; £10 paperback. Mostly written by the BNP leader in prison, this is the book all nationalists have been waiting for. The most comprehensive presentation yet to appear of the case for British Nationalism. 1988, 609pp.

THE NEW UNHAPPY LORDS (A.K. Chesterton) £3.00. An exposure of the financial power that seeks to dragoon mankind into a global police state. 1972, 255pp.

THE ZIONIST FACTOR (Ivor Benson) £6.50. A study of the Jewish presence in 20th century history. 1986, 216pp.

THE BIOLOGY OF THE RACE PROBLEM (Prof. W.C. George) £1.00. The race equality hoax destroyed by an academic expert. 70pp.

DID SIX MILLION REALLY DIE? (Richard Harwood) 50p. The fact-filled pamphlet that refutes the holocaust legends and has evoked Zionist frenzy. 28pp.

THE HOAX OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY (Prof. A.R. Butz) £2.40. A scientist applies clinical methods to an investigation of the 'holocaust' and completely dissects the myth. 2nd edition 1977, 315pp.

THE MONEY BOMB (James Gibb Stuart) £4.25. Discusses the failure of our debt-based financial system and describes its role in creating inflation. 1983, 158pp.

THE USES OF RELIGION (Prof. Revilo P. Oliver) £1.00. Examines the value of religion as a socially cohesive force. 1982, 36pp.

RACE AND POLITICS (H.B. Isherwood) 50p. Shows that a sense of racial identity is an essential element of nationhood. 1974, 36pp.

RELIGION AND THE RACIAL CONTROVERSY (H.B. Isherwood) 50p. Shows that racial integration is not ordained by Christianity but that the reverse is true. 1970, 16pp.

THE LEMMING FOLK (James Gibb Stewart) £7.95. A witting and factual examination of current attitudes and intellectual fashion that are threatening our future. 1980, 246pp.

THE GRAND DESIGN (Douglas Reed) £2.25. A behind-the-scenes look at modern world history. 1977, 45pp.

THE DISPOSSESSED MAJORITY (Wilmot Robertson) £7.50. This book has attracted worldwide attention, dealing as it does with racial problems in America — and not just simply the black-white situation. 2nd edition 1981, 613pp.

RACE AND REASON (Carlton Putnam) £4.00. A plain, unemotional account of the race issue that has been an invaluable contribution to the debate ever since it was first published. 1961 (rep. 1977), 125pp.

RACE AND REALITY (Carlton Putnam) £4.00. A companion volume and supplement to *Race and Reason*, showing how the truth about the race issue has been suppressed by interested parties. 1967 (rep. 1977), 192pp.

VENTILATIONS (Wilmot Robertson) £4.50. The sequel to the same author's widely acclaimed *The Dispossessed Majority*. Revised edition 1982, 113pp.

THE GLOBAL MANIPULATORS (Robert Eringer) £2.50. While the author repudiates any conspiratorial view of world events, he still provides a comprehensive exposure of the organisation and influence of the Bilderberg Group and the Trilateral Commission. 1980, 95pp.

WHAT 1992 REALLY MEANS* (Dr. Brian Burdett & Mark Baimbridge) £1.50. Two academic economists show the dangers to Britain from involvement in the single European market. A new booklet packed with facts and figures. 1989, 44pp.

THE FORCED WAR* (David L. Hoggan) £21.00. The book which revisionists have been awaiting for years. Described by Harry Elmer Barnes as "...the first thorough study of responsibility for the causes of the Second World War...the definitive revisionist work on this subject." 1989, 732pp.

THE ZIONIST CONNECTION (Alfred M. Lilienthal) £13.00. The second edition of a sensational exposure by a non-Zionist Jew of Zionist power politics. 1982, 904pp.

TREASON AT WESTMINSTER (Dr. Kitty Little) 50p. Text of a memorandum to the Royal Commission on Criminal Procedure entitled: *Infiltration of the government by members of subversive or criminal organisations for the purpose of furthering the interests of those organisations.* 1979, 24pp.

A WORLD COUP D'ETAT IS PLANNED (Dr. Kitty Little) 50p. Updates the above, giving details of the destructive effects of treaties foisted on Britain. 1984,

Here is the latest list of our books. The prices given in each case do not include postal charges, which should be estimated by calculating one eighth the total value of the order. Money should be enclosed with all orders, and all cheques or postal orders should be made out to the BNP Book Service only and not included in remittances sent for other items. Orders are likely to be dealt with more quickly if BNP Book Service is marked on the envelope. New titles are indicated by asterisks.

66p.

THEY DARE TO SPEAK OUT* (Paul Findley) £12.95. The author was an Illinois Congressman for 20 years until he fell foul of the Israeli lobby. This book describes the stranglehold of Zionist power over American politicians, academics and media. Even those familiar with the subject will find this book a revelation. 1985, 362pp.

THE ZIONIST TERROR NETWORK. £2.00. A 12-page report on the murderous activities in the United States of the Jewish Defence League, compiled by the staff of the Institute for Historical Review.

RACE (J.R. Baker) £7.60. The author, a professional zoologist for 50 years, provides an objective and scholarly account of what race means and how the concept has affected human thinking. A specialist book, but one of great importance. 1974, 625pp.

THE LEUCHTER REPORT* (Fred A. Leuchter) £5.00. The evidence on 'gas chambers' by an American engineer that rocked the Zundel trial. Leuchter, in effect, testified that such installations could not have existed in German-occupied Europe before or during 1939-45. 1988, 66pp.

SPECTRE OF POWER* (Malcolm Ross) £6.00. The campaigning Canadian schoolteacher describes the vendetta against him by a powerful minority. 1987, 165pp.

VICTIM OF THE HOLOCAUST* (Hans Peter Rullman) £3.50. The story of the framing of John Demjanjuk. 1987, 78pp.

THE COLLAPSE OF BRITISH POWER (Correlli Barnett) £9.95. A welcome reissue of a vitally important book first published in 1972. Shows how liberalism and lack of political realism brought about Britain's 20th century decline in the political, industrial and military fields. 643pp.

THE ZUNDEL TRIAL AND FREE SPEECH (Doug Christie) £2.25. The defence counsel's address to the jury in the infamous trial in Canada of Ernst Zundel for daring to question the holocaust myth. A ringing defence of free enquiry and free speech. 1985, 32pp.

THE BEST OF ATTACK AND NATIONAL VANGUARD. £12.00. A selection of hard-hitting nationalist articles published between 1970 and 1982 in two uncompromising US magazines. 217 large pages.

STATE SECRETS (Count Leon de Poncins) £3.50. A study of some little-known state documents that throw much light on recent history. 1975, 191pp.

CENSORED HISTORY (Eric Butler) £1.50. An examination of some of the facts of recent history that have not found their way into textbooks or newspapers. 1974, 48pp.

THE CONTROVERSY OF ZION (Douglas Reed) £9.00. A best-seller in nationalist circles ever since its publication. A study of Jewish-Gentile relations since biblical times, packed with little-known and long-suppressed facts. 1979, 580pp.

THE NAMELESS WAR (Capt. A.H.M. Ramsay) £3.25. An outline of the secret history of the events leading up to the Second World War, including information on previous upheavals. The author had the honour of being imprisoned without trial for four years during World War II, despite his status as a member of parliament. Originally published 1952, 128pp.

THE SIX MILLION RECONSIDERED (W. Grimstad) £2.50. Examines not only the 'holocaust' but other topics involved in the Jewish Question, including the exploitation of the 'anti-semitic' smear. 1977, 170pp.

RACIAL KINSHIP (H.B. Isherwood) 50p. A further well argued presentation of the case for 'racism' by the author of *Race and Politics*. 1974, 36pp.

CONSPIRACY OR DEGENERACY? (Prof. Revilo P. Oliver) £4.00. Text of a lecture by the author, a brilliant classical scholar, to New England rally for God, Family and Country in 1966. 76pp.

AMERICA'S DECLINE: THE EDUCATION OF A CONSERVATIVE (Prof. Revilo P. Oliver) £3.50. A collection of articles and reviews on various aspects of the collapse of modern civilisation. 1981, 375pp.

RED PATTERN OF WORLD CONQUEST (Eric Butler) £3.75. A distinguished Australian patriot shows that the advance of communism has been assisted by the weakness and treachery of western leaders. New ed. 1985, 115pp.

BEHIND THE SCENE (Douglas Reed) £3.50. A reprint of the second part of the author's *Far and Wide*, published in 1953. The new themes are titled 'Zionism Paramount' and 'Communism Penetrant'. 93pp.

THOUGHT CRIMES: THE KEEGSTRA CASE (Doug Christie) £2.40. The text of Doug Christie's courtroom defence of the persecuted Canadian schoolteacher Jim Keegstra. 1986, 34pp.

POPULISM AND ELITISM (Prof. Revilo P. Oliver) £4.00. A study of the purpose and function of political power and the elements which wield it in the present century. 1982, 101pp.

THE ENEMY OF EUROPE (Francis Parker Yockey & Prof. Revilo P. Oliver) £6.00. Thought-provoking essay on the powers set on destroying the European peoples, written by Yockey and accompanied by a review of Yockey's work by Prof. Oliver. 1981, 240pp.

I.Q. AND RACIAL DIFFERENCES (Prof. Henry Garrett) £1.00. Clear and concise summary of the evidence of racial differences in intelligence and their significance in education. 1980, 57pp.

THE UNHOLY ALLIANCE (Patrick Walsh) £2.25. A former Canadian undercover police officer exposes the dirty tricks employed by Zionists and Communists to misdirect and destroy patriotic groups and to suppress free enquiry. 1986, 34pp.

IS THERE INTELLIGENT LIFE ON EARTH? (Prof. Revilo P. Oliver) £4.00. An entertaining survey of modern fallacies and their charlatan promoters. 1983, 94pp.

THE GREAT HOLOCAUST TRIAL (Michael A. Hoffmann II) £4.00. Extremely comprehensive and well written report on the infamous trial of Ernst Zundel in Canada, also covered in *The Zundel Trial and Free Speech*. 1985, 95pp.

OUT! U.K. IN E.E.C. SPELLS DISASTER (Oliver Smedley) £5.00. The political and economic consequences of Britain's membership of the Common Market. 1986, 79pp.

BOUND TO FAIL (Sundry authors) £2.00. A series of articles by various experts covering every aspect of Britain's disastrous membership of the EEC. 1987, 62pp.

TRUTH OUT OF AFRICA (Ivor Benson) £3.60. Developments in Africa, particularly 'Zimbabwe', since 1960, set against a background of the forces at work in the world as a whole. 2nd ed. 1984, 112pp.

TRADITIONALISTS' ANTHOLOGY (Compiled by Elizabeth Lady Freeman) £9.00. A fascinating collection of quotations from a wide variety of writers, many of which are of direct relevance to the nationalist cause. 1986, 185pp.

CHURCHILL'S WAR (David Irving) £16.95. The highly controversial story of Britain's World War II leader during the late pre-war and wartime years. This book was shunned by all the 'establishment' publishers on account of its startling disclosures. Churchill-worshippers and believers in the 'orthodox' version of modern history will not like this book, as it describes its central character as the man who ruined Britain and the British Empire in his insane vendetta against Hitler. 1987, 591pp.

GAY LESSONS (Rachel Tingle) £2.50. A topical exposure of the manner in which homosexuality is encouraged among young people by official bodies at public expense. 1986, 48pp.

THE MURDER OF BRITISH INDUSTRY (John Boyd) 75p. An exposure of the catastrophic economic and industrial effects of Britain's membership of the EEC. 1987, 16pp.

THIS AGE OF CONFLICT (Ivor Benson) £2.00. An exposure of the illegitimate power-structures that exist in today's world. 1987, 61pp.

THE ELITE (Barbara Cole) £8.75. The exciting story of the Rhodesian Special Air Service and its campaign against terrorism. 1984, 449pp.

THE BARNES TRILOGY (Harry Elmer Barnes) £2.75. A combined volume containing this famous American revisionist's pamphlets: *Court Historians versus Revisionism*; *Blasting the Historical Blackout*; and *Revisionism and Brainwashing*. These first appeared in 1952, 1963 and 1963 respectively, and this combined edition is dated 1979, with 133pp.

IS THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK GENUINE? (Robert Faurisson) £2.75. Reprinted from *The Journal of Historical Review*, this is a critical commentary on an emotive historical document. 1982, 62pp.

THE BABYLONIAN WOE (David Astle) £17.00. A study of the origin of certain financial practices and their

effects on the events of ancient history, written in the light of the present day. 1975, 250pp.

THE NAKED CAPITALIST (W. Cleon Skousen) £4.80. A study of the political power and ambitions of America's and the world's financial capitalists and of their link-up with communism. 1970, 144pp.

THE ARTHURIAN LEGENDS* £6.95. A beautifully illustrated anthology of Arthurian literature from Geoffrey of Monmouth to T.H. White. A 'must' for lovers of our national legends. 1979, 224pp.

WALL STREET AND THE BOLSHEVIK REVOLUTION* (Anthony C. Sutton) £4.70. The links between Wall Street finance and the Russian Revolution are proved beyond all question by an established scholar. 1974, 228pp.

WALL STREET AND THE RISE OF HITLER*

(Anthony C. Sutton) £4.70. A book that has aroused considerable controversy among nationalists by its suggestion that Hitler had big financial backing from Wall Street. The author is an expert on the links between finance and politics. Read what he says and decide for yourself. 1976, 220pp.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION* (Nesta Webster) £6.00. A much-needed reprint of the counter-revolutionary classic that exposed the plotting behind the first great revolutionary bloodbath of modern history. 1919 (rep 1988), xiv, 519pp.

WAR LORDS OF WASHINGTON* (Curtis B. Dall) £2.60. In an interview with Anthony J. Hilder, Roosevelt's son-in-law exposes FDR's responsibility for Pearl Harbour. n.d., 45pp.

PUBLICITY MATERIAL

FROM B.N.P. HEADQUARTERS
(Orders with cash to: PO Box 117,
Welling, Kent DA16 3DW)

BNP Statement of Policy

A resume of the main political objectives of the British National Party. 24p post-free.

BNP Election Manifesto 1983

Booklet outlining the policies on which the British National Party fought the 1983 general election. Entitled *Vote for Britain* (23pp). 44p post-free.

BNP Badges

British National Party badges with logo in red, white and blue. Price: £1.25 post-free.

BNP key rings

Key rings with attachment bearing BNP logo in red, white and blue. £1.75 post-free.

BNP cloth logo

BNP logo in cloth, also in red, white and blue. Suitable for sewing onto anoraks, etc. £1.50 post-free.

BNP leaflets (two-sided)

How to spot a red teacher. Updated reprint of an old nationalist leaflet aimed especially at school students and giving advice on how to combat left-wing brainwashing in the classroom.

The great Tory con-trick. Leaflet exposing the way the Tories are currently trying to woo the people with patriotic and 'right-wing' slogans, while their underlying policies are leading to the destruction of Britain.

Unite with your friends or perish! Leaflet appealing to loyalist Ulster people to join forces with their supporters on the mainland. Lists BNP policies for Northern Ireland.

These leaflets cost £6.00 per 1,000 with postage charges of £2.60 for 1,000 and £3.00 for 2,000.

BNP leaflets (one-sided)

Have you been thrown on the scrapheap by foreign imports? This leaflet deals with unemployment and explains in simple terms how vast numbers of British jobs are being destroyed by the international free-trade policies of successive governments. A brief and concise argument for economic nationalism.

Violent crime in Britain: the horrifying truth. Deals with muggings, rapes and other violent attacks on defenceless people, giving examples of specific cases. Calls for much tougher treatment of violent criminals.

Hang child murderers! Very powerful leaflet calling for the death penalty for the killers of little children.

If we were black... Reprint, updated, of a previous BNP leaflet, drawing attention to special favours and privileges granted to ethnic minority groups by national and local government, and calling on Whites — particularly the young — to fight for their rights.

Immigration: the time to say STOP! Leaflet drawing attention to the still large numbers of immigrants coming into Britain and calling for repatriation.

Multi-racial Britain: the experiment that failed. Help us end it! Collage of riot photos.

Derelict Britain. Leaflet with photo exhibiting rotting urban landscape, calling upon people to help fight against the politicians who have brought this about. Mentions unemployment, bad housing, immigration, crime, etc.

Stand by Ulster! Leaflet supporting loyalists in Northern Ireland and listing BNP policies for the province.

These leaflets cost £4.50 per 1,000 with postage charges of £2.60 for 1,000 and £3.00 for 2,000.

BNP posters

Multi-racial Britain: the experiment that failed. Help us end it! Collage of riot photos.

Oppose the disarmers! Build up our forces! Make Britain strong! Photo of Royal Marine in action with machine gun.

She freezes in winter while Third World gets £1,000 million a year. Put British people before aliens! Photo of old lady by unlit fire.

Support Ulster: smash terrorism. Hang IRA murderers! Drawing of man holding hangman's rope with wife and youngster and flag in background.

Protect British jobs: ban imports! Special unemployment poster with photo of Japanese cars coming off boat.

Protect our women and old folk: stamp out muggers! Drawing of mugging gag.

What's happened to free speech? Update of poster first produced in 1986 showing how the state is trying to silence those who oppose the alien invasion of Britain. Drawing of white man with gag.

Support White South Africa. This slogan in large white letters on blue background.

These posters measure 12.6in x 17.7in. Each contains the BNP name and address and logo in red, white and blue. Prices: 1-9 at 12p each; 10-19 at 10p each; 20-49 at 8p each; 50 or over at 6p each. Postage should be estimated on the basis of one poster weighing 10g.

BNP stickers

With slogans:-

Fight subversion: smash communism!

Put British people before aliens! (same as poster)

Start repatriation!

Make Britain strong! (same as poster)

Ban imports! (same as poster)

Stamp out muggers! (same as poster)

Hang IRA murderers! (same as poster)

Protect our young from child murderers: bring back the rope!

Scrap the Anglo-Irish Agreement: Keep Ulster British!

Love the White Race: protect its future!

Abortion is child murder: make it illegal!

Protect us from AIDS: outlaw homosexuality!

Stickers measure 3.5in x 2.5in and are available in gummed-backed or self-adhesive form, each containing BNP name and address and logo in red, white and blue. Gummed-back stickers cost £4.00 per 1,000 or 40p per 100, self-adhesive £1.50 per 100. Postage costs 26p per 100.

BNP recordings

Rally '89. 3-hour video-recording of BNP London rally, October 14th 1989. Hear and see speeches by John Peacock, Gus McLeod, Tony Morgan, David Bruce, Harry Mullin, Richard Edmonds and John Tyndall.

Rally '87. 2½-hour video-recording of BNP London rally, October 31st 1987. Hear and see speeches by Ronald Rickford, Ian Sloan, Gus McLeod, Dr. Peter Peel, Richard Edmonds, Stanley Clayton-Garnett, David Bruce and John Tyndall.

Price of videos: £15 plus 71p p&p.

Rally '82. Sound recording of BNP rally in London, October 16th 1982, the theme of which was 'Unite and fight for Britain's future!'

Side 1: Includes speech by Charles Parker.

Side 2: Speech by John Tyndall.

Tyndall Speaks I: Two studio talks:-

Side 1: Talk on 'Our Anglo-Saxon heritage' (about the worldwide dispersion of the peoples of British stock).
Side 2: Talk on Britain's economic crisis' (recorded in 1981).

Tyndall Speaks II: Two studio talks:-

Side 1: Talk on 'The case for nationalism' (the internationalist argument demolished).
Side 2: Talk on 'Tragedy of the 20th century' (analysis of World War II).

Tyndall Speaks III: Two studio talks:-

Side 1: Talk on 'Why we must repatriate'.
Side 2: Talk on 'Foundations of the national community' (discourse on racial nationalism and its concepts of government and citizenship).

Tyndall Speaks IV: Two studio talks:-

Side 1: Talk on 'The way to full employment'.
Side 2: Talk on 'The racial time-bomb' (A thorough demolition of the multi-racialist point of view and a warning of the dire consequences facing Britain if the multi-racial experiment is not ended).


Cassette recordings available at £3.50 plus 26p p&p.

FROM NORWICH BRANCH B.N.P.
(Orders with cash to 9 Johnson Place,
Norwich NR2 2SA)

BNP beer mats with large red, white and blue party logo and party name and address in blue on white background. Ideal recruitment aid for leaving in pubs or for nationalist socials.

Samples for £1 or packs at: £5/£10/£20 (incl. postage)

B.N.P. BEER MAT
See sample on right



White china coffee mugs with famous red, white and blue BNP logo on front and back. The mugs have a half-pint capacity, and fully washable and British-made.

1-5 mugs at £2.25 each; 6-15 mugs at £2.00 each; 16-plus mugs at £1.75 each. Price does not include postage — please return postage cost on receipt of your parcel.

* * *

Candour

British views letter, founded by A.K. Chesterton to defend national sovereignty against the menace of international finance. *Subscription: £6.00 per year.* Obtainable from: Forest House, Liss Forest, Hants. GU33 7DD.

Behind the News

Highly informative newsletter, edited by Ivor Benson. Enquiries from UK, Europe or Australasia to: PO Box 29, Sudbury, Suffolk CO10 6EF. From North America to: PO Box 130, Flesherston, Ontario N0C 1E0, Canada. From South Africa to: PO Box 1564, Krugersdorp 1740. *Behind the News* is a 'must' for your reading table.

The Truth at Last

Hard-hitting paper for American and other white race patriots. *Sample copy for £1.* Write to: PO Box 1211, Marietta, Georgia 30061, U.S.A.

NEW BUILDING FUND: £1,133.00 NEEDED!

Contributions to the New Building Fund received during the past month have amounted to £140.00, a large portion of this coming from Mr. M.E. of Somerset. This apart, the effort for the month was rather modest.

The Fund has been launched to raise money to equip, staff and fortify the BNP shop premises opened up last year in Welling Kent.

The fund has a target of £5,000, and so there is still a good way to go if we are to raise this total. Please mark all donations 'New Building Fund' and send them to: PO Box 117, Welling, Kent DA16 3DW.

£5,000
£4,000
£3,000
£2,000
£1,000



Nottingham: the same old 'democratic' game

AT NOTTINGHAM on March 31st, the British National Party, in attempting to hold a public rally, was treated once again, as at Bradford last year, to a fine demonstration of the way British 'democracy' really works in the late 20th century.

First, the local city council, as expected, refused the BNP the hire of any municipally owned meeting hall. The party thereupon elected to hold an open-air rally somewhere in the city. The council immediately ruled that it would not be permitted to do so on any public ground in the vicinity of the city centre. We were therefore forced to use a site a short way outside the city limits, with the plan that those wishing to attend would be redirected from the centre of Nottingham to that site.

This, however, necessitated prior knowledge of the location of the site. The latter was in fact selected by the police (no doubt in collusion with the council) and was

not disclosed to the BNP until the very last moment, making it quite impossible to redirect members of the public there in time for the rally. This was an exact re-run of what happened in Bradford last September.

When the BNP party finally arrived at the site the rally was held. Within a very short time of it starting, a large mob of opposition started to congregate in the near vicinity. At the conclusion of the rally, the police obliged the BNP supporters to make their exit from area across some fields, away from the opposing mob. In a later newspaper report the BNP was described as "escaping under police protection." This was in fact rubbish; the nationalists were quite prepared to leave the rally along a road which would have brought them right past their opponents; only the decision of the police stopped them from doing so.

Later in the day, a smaller indoor rally was held in nearby Mansfield, where the party will soon have an established group. John Tyndall and John Peacock spoke at both rallies.

British Nationalist

British Nationalist is a tabloid published in support of the British National Party, normally on a monthly basis. Sample copies will be sent on receipt of 40p (covering p&p). Subscription for 12 issues is £5.15 (British Isles) or £7.00 (overseas surface mail). Bulk rates are as follows:-

10 copies	£2.50	+ 70p post
25 copies	£5.50	+ £2.39 post
50 copies	£10.00	+ £2.85 post
100 copies	£17.50	+ £3.30 post
150 copies	£25.00	+ £3.80 post
200 copies	£30.00	+ £4.20 post
300 copies	£42.00	+ £5.50 post
400 copies	£55.00	+ £5.50 post
500 copies	£65.00) Bulk rates
1,000 copies	£125.00) by Roadline

Cheques/postal orders to *British Nationalist*, PO Box 117, Welling, Kent DA16 3DW. Please keep orders and enquiries concerning *British Nationalist* totally separate from other correspondence in order to avoid confusion delay.

Tyndall to visit US this month

BRITISH NATIONAL PARTY leader and *Spearhead* Editor John Tyndall will later this month be flying to the United States for a two-week speaking tour. The tour will incorporate four engagements, in North Carolina, Georgia, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and is being sponsored by the Populist Party, a white patriotic group. Any American readers who wish to hear Mr. Tyndall speak should contact the Populist Party for further details. Address: PO Box 1989, Ford City, Pennsylvania 16226.

TAX BILL — PLEASE HELP!

ALBION PRESS, the publishers of *Spearhead*, has in recent years, because of very modest income, been able to keep itself down to a very small tax liability. In the trading year of 1988-89, however, mainly because of increased income through the sales of the Editor's book *The Eleventh Hour*, we incurred a substantially larger tax demand than usual, namely £532.96. This may be small for most companies but it is big for us, and it has hit us hard.

Although present cash reserves are adequate to enable us to meet the bill, we are endeavouring to husband most of these reserves to ensure that we are in a position to finance a reprint of *The Eleventh Hour* when existing stocks run out. For this reason, this latest tax demand is highly inconvenient, to say the least.

It would therefore be greatly appreciated if our readers dug more deeply into their pockets than usual over the next month or two when making their contributions to our Support Fund. We have got to raise £532.96 quickly — otherwise we have big problems in the not too distant future. Please help generously!

Past nationalist literature for sale. Send stamped-addressed envelope. Box 247, *Spearhead*.

Change of telephone no.

Please note that from May 6th the BNP Bookshop number is changed to 081 316 4721.

PUBLIC RALLY DUNDEE

Saturday, May 12th

SPEAKERS WILL INCLUDE:-

JOHN TYNDALL
HARRY MULLIN
GUS McLEOD

Rendezvous for redirection: In forecourt of Dundee Railway Station
1.00 to 1.30 p.m.

ORGANISED BY BRITISH NATIONAL PARTY SCOTTISH REGION

LONDON'S EAST END was last month the scene of one of the most successful rallies held by the British National Party in recent years. The rally, taking place on Saturday, April 21st, was staged in Tower Hamlets in support of the local BNP candidate Ken Walsh, standing in Spitalfields Ward in the elections to the local borough council.

When the rally was first announced, there was a massive outcry from local left-wingers and immigrant groups to the effect that it should not be allowed to take place — yes, some immigrants are now taking it upon themselves to dictate whether British people will be permitted free assembly in their own country! The issue even got into the pages of the *Guardian* newspaper, which reported the local hysteria against the rally, naturally enough in a way sympathetic to those raising it.

A massive left-wing counter-demonstration was promised in opposition to the rally, and we wondered what was coming. On the day, however, approximately 200 left-wingers turned up. This made the opposition roughly equal to the turn-out of BNP members and sympathisers, who also numbered around 200.

The BNP party assembled near Bethnal Green Tube Station and then proceeded to the rally location at a nearby school. The policy of the BNP organisers had been that the party contingent should go in one large united body, so as to deter attacks. Some genius of a police superintendent, however, knew better of course, and the BNP supporters were forced to proceed to the hall in very small groups of no more than half a dozen at a time, each some distance from the other. This, needless to say, was greatly encouraging to the bold, brave warriors of the left, who were able to pick on small clusters of nationalists whom they could easily outnumber. Some attacks took place, with the leftists concentrating where possible on women and elderly people. One of the latter, pensioner Granville Jones from Wolverhampton, received a nasty blow on the head, but was undeterred and unbowed.

Eventually, the BNP contingent got into the hall, which was in fact much too small for the number wanting to attend — the local council not being prepared to make a larger hall available.

INVITATION DECLINED

The BNP organisers then sent a message to the left-wing crowd outside, who had run alongside the nationalists *en route* to the hall shouting every kind of obscenity. The message was to the effect that the opposition would be very welcome to come in and listen to the speeches, and indeed to put over their point of view at question time afterwards, when they and the nationalists could have a constructive discussion. To our great disappointment, our opponents declined the invitation!

The audience inside then listened to stirring speeches by Richard Edmonds, Davis Bruce and John Tyndall, supported on this occasion by a very lively few words from local candidate Ken Walsh, who in his first platform performance revealed excellent potential as a speaker. Ken, we want more speeches from you in the future!

David Bruce, in calling for the collection, was at his most persuasive and managed to

GREAT RALLY IN EAST END

solicit £552 — a really excellent effort.

In the exit from the meeting the police, perhaps learning from previous errors, allowed BNP supporters to proceed as one solid mass. This made a world of difference to the reaction of the reds, who confined themselves solely to verbal abuse but did not

venture anything remotely physical. Had they done so, and had the police not been present, the reds would have been massacred. Looking at the two sides, one was struck, as often in the past, by the vividly contrasting calibre of the types present: among the nationalists an

Contd. overleaf

Contact your local party unit!

THE BRITISH NATIONAL PARTY is organised into active units extending over most of the areas of the United Kingdom. Below we give a list of the main units:-

NORTH WEST LONDON

BM Box 3958, London WC1N 3XX

EAST LONDON

PO Box 300, Emma Street, Hackney, London E2 7BZ

HILLINGDON

PO Box 275, Uxbridge, Middlesex UB10 8XU

SOUTH WEST LONDON

BCM Box 5103, London WC1N 3XX

SOUTH EAST LONDON

PO Box 117, Welling, Kent DA16 3DW

BARKING & DAGENHAM

PO Box 12, Dagenham, Essex RM10 7HE

WEST KENT

PO Box 48, Tonbridge TN11 9JF

EAST KENT

73 Shirkoak Park, Woodchurch, Ashford TN26 3QP

EPPING FOREST

PO Box 12, Loughton, Essex IG10 2DN

SUFFOLK

2 Albert Road, Framlingham

NORFOLK

9 Johnson Place, Norwich NR2 2SA

MILTON KEYNES

PO Box 811, Bradwell Common, Milton Keynes, Bucks. MK13 8YZ

SOUTH WALES

PO Box 214, Cardiff CF3 9YB

NORTH WALES

PO Box 3, Llangefni, Anglesey L77 7UY

BIRMINGHAM

PO Box 771, Great Barr, Birmingham B44 9LZ

LEICESTER

PO Box 148, Leicester LE3 2YD

NOTTINGHAM

PO Box 2, Carlton, Nottingham NG4 3EQ

WEST NOTTS.

PO Box 5, Eastwood, Notts. NG16 3RN

PETERBOROUGH

PO Box 211, Peterborough, Cambs. PE3 8JE

LIVERPOOL

PO Box 116, Liverpool L69 1SH

MANCHESTER & SALFORD

PO Box 16, Salford M6 5EP

LEEDS & BRADFORD

PO Box BR10, Bramley, Leeds 13

HUDDERSFIELD

PO Box A43, Huddersfield HD1 4NN

WAKEFIELD

PO Box 101, Wakefield WF2 9XY

SHEFFIELD

PO Box 44, Sheffield S1 1ES

DARLINGTON

PO Box 61, Darlington, Co. Durham DL3 9RD

TYNE & WEAR

PO Box 8, South Shields NE33 1LP

EDINBURGH

PO Box 719, NWDO, Edinburgh EH4 2SR

GLASGOW

PO Box 85, Glasgow G3 8UL

DUNDEE

PO Box 161, Dundee DD1 9YR

The BNP also has units in Richmond-on-Thames, Newmarket, Colchester, Gloucestershire, Hertfordshire, Bedford, Stourbridge, North Nottinghamshire, Bolton & Bury, Warrington, Blackpool, Hull, Halifax, Dewsbury, Batley, York, Tees-side, Sunderland, Stirling, Aberdeen and Inverness. If you want to make contact with any of these units, or start a new unit, please write to BNP Head Office at PO Box 117, Welling, Kent DA16 3DW.

SUPPORT FUND

Income from sales of our magazine is not enough to cover production and administrative costs. We therefore rely on regular donations from our supporters so that we may remain solvent.

Please send all contributions to: PO Box 117, Welling, Kent DA16 3DW. Please note that receipts are not normally sent for donations of less than £10 unless specifically requested, in which case an SAE would be appreciated.

Please pass the ammunition, and keep us in the battle!

GREAT RALLY IN EAST END

(Contd. from prev. page)

abundance of fit, hefty and powerful looking young men well able to cope with trouble; on the opposition side a collection of mainly weedy students and social drop-outs, some obviously on drugs. There was also the usual presence of deeply unattractive, screeching females. Interestingly enough, this degenerate looking mob was overwhelmingly white in pigmentation — Blacks and Asians were few in number.

The day's events made considerable

publicity, again serving to keep the BNP in the news. Apart from a pre-rally build-up the week before, there were extensive TV and radio reports in the London area, with one shot of Ken Walsh speaking at the meeting itself. The event was also reported in most of the Sunday papers the next day, with the best being in the *Sunday Express*. Post-rally coverage in the local press is unknown as we go to the printers but we expect it to be big.

The very satisfactory attendance of BNP supporters consisted mainly of Londoners, but we are grateful to those who came from further afield, including the Midlands, the North and Scotland. The Scottish turn-out was

particularly good considering the big distance that had to be travelled.

In addition to the campaign in Tower Hamlets, where the BNP is fielding four candidates, Ken Walsh, David Ettridge, Derek Beackon and Steven Smith, the party is also standing four more candidates in the Epping Forest area — Steve Turnell, Bob Jarvis and Sean and Isabel Hernon. One candidate, Steve Tyler, is standing in Bermondsey and one more, Michael O'Rourke, in Hounslow. A full report of these elections will be printed in the coming issue of *British Nationalist*, which will be a May/June issue.



LEFT-WING FEMALE CHARM

This lady seems to have seen something her red friends missed



A SECTION OF THE AUDIENCE

Because of the small hall, many were unable to get in



THE CANDIDATE

Ken Walsh addresses the meeting



THE FINAL SPEECH

John Tyndall makes a point

Photos by Ian Dell

Find out about the British National Party

Send 30p for information pack to:-

P.O. BOX 117
WELLING
KENT DA16 3DW

(Telephone enquiries to 081 316 4721)

Name.....

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I enclose.....